The SPHERE

Vol. CXXVII. No. 1655 OCT. 10, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

STOP THAT HEADACHE WITH GENASPRIN

THE SAFE BRAND OF ASPIRIN

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Trituration is a special method of cutting the leaf, only accorded to Silverdale Tea. It enables full strength and perfect flavour to be quickly obtained. Be curious and get Silverdale Tea next time, you will like it much better than many, more expensive, teas.

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SILVERDALE TEA (TRITURATED)

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Whatever you do—

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MASTERS THE HAIR

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*For safer motoring fit*

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**2s. 6d.** will keep the Homes and Training Ship for one minute.
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where golf, tennis, croquet, bowls, squash rackets, badminton, swimming pool, gymnasium, dancing, cinema, entertainments, and Vita-glass Tricity Sun Lounge (just opened) are all included in the terms—and the hotel.

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In various designs from £2-15-0 upwards.

**ESSE**

Ask for "*ESSE*" Book and name of nearest Stove Dealer from

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# preserves the Beauty of Youth . . .

**A boon to Motorists after exposure to wind and dust.**

Many a fair motorist pays willing tribute to the value of Larola. It is just the thing for hands which must grip the wheel when wintry blasts threaten to cause redness and chapping. It also keeps the face fresh, clear and free from roughness, and affords certain protection under all weather conditions.

Get this All-British lotion . . . Try it on face and hands . . . You will find it both soothing and refreshing.

**1/6 and 2/6 per bottle.**

*LAROLA ROSE BLOOM (Rouge), the Natural Tint. Sifter Box with Puff, 1/- and 2/6 each.*

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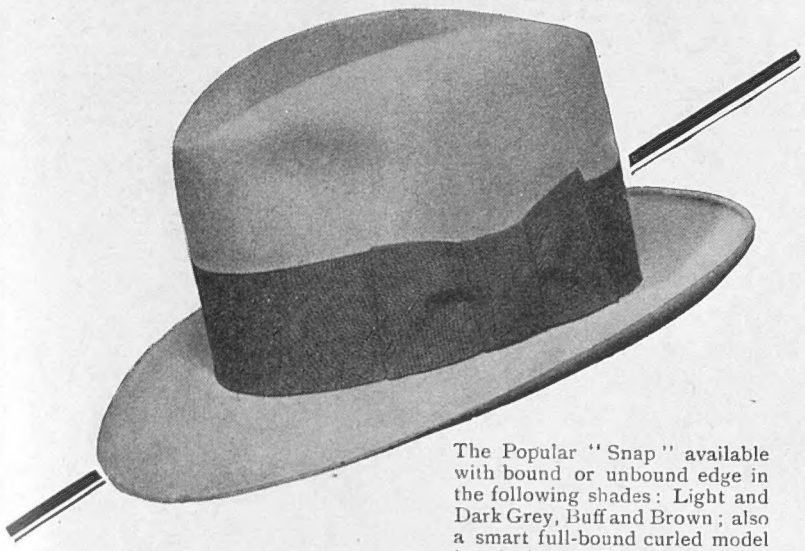

The Popular "Snap" available with bound or unbound edge in the following shades: Light and Dark Grey, Buff and Brown; also a smart full-bound curled model in shades of Light and Dark Grey and Buff. Made of fur felt; all shapes at the same price.

PRICE 16/6

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*"Ideal for sports or general wear."*

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In Chiffon Velvet

The essence of smartness is portrayed in this black and white evening Coat which is made in Chiffon Velvet. The white velvet Cape is handsomely trimmed with white fur.

12 Gns.

*Model Coats: Second Floor*

SWAN & EDGAR

Piccadilly Circus - The hub of the World

SWAN & EDGAR LTD., LONDON, W.1. *'Phone:* Regent 1616.

# Radiant Health

READ how Sanatogen transformed a mere existence, ruined by nerve-weakness, into a life of health and happiness.

"....I have suffered for seven years with neurasthenia. I had it so badly, I thought I would never get better. One day a friend recommended Sanatogen and it was like giving me a little bit of heaven. I felt so different — full of life and energy, even after taking a few doses."

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Determine now to be strong and healthy. Take Sanatogen which fills you with splendid Health and Energy and makes you fit to enjoy life to the full.

Sanatogen is a mighty nerve-food—a wonderful creator of vitality—recharging every cell of your body with the proper supply of those Health-giving elements: phosphorus and albumin.

Start taking Sanatogen to-day and almost immediately you will feel a new energy and a new joy in life. Your work will no longer "fag you out," you will be fit and fresh all day and ready to enjoy your leisure hours.

# SANATOGEN

*The True Tonic-Food*

Obtainable at all Chemists from 2/3 per tin.

Ask for the Family size packing at 19/9, containing 2½ times the contents of the 10/9 tin.

Made by GENATOSAN LTD. LOUGHBOROUGH.

# GOOD COUNSEL.

## ...Advises for the best.

PREVIOUS judgments against old-style nameless suit linings . . . the constant danger of tearing at vital places, loss of colour and sheen, and wearing into holes . . . have led many men to "COURTINE" LININGS . . . woven and guaranteed by COURTAULDS. Good counsel advises these new Linings as the only positive remedy for such troubles. To maintain smartness and comfort, to get the utmost service from all your suits and coats, request your tailor to use only "COURTINE" LININGS.

GUARANTEED FULLY SHRUNK COURTAULDS COURTINE REGD.

*There is nothing "just-as-good."*

"Courtine" (REGISTERED) LININGS

*The name is on the selvedge.*

GUARANTEED FULLY SHRUNK

*If any difficulty in obtaining "COURTINE" LININGS, write to the Manufacturers: COURTAULDS, LTD., 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1*

## Avoid Gout

DRAWN from the famous "Célestins" springs, at Vichy, this Natural Mineral Water is an acknowledged and *proven* defence against *gout, diabetes* and the early stages of chronic affections of the urinary passages.

Vichy-Célestins may be taken regularly at meals and at any other period of the day.

*The French Natural Mineral Water.*

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

*Obtainable everywhere.*

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents*:

INGRAM & ROYLE LTD.

Bangor Wharf, 45 Belvedere Road London, S.E.1

VICHY ETAT

# THE SPHERE

*With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"*

**The Empire's Illustrated Weekly** Volume CXXVII No. 1655 Price One Shilling, Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d. } London, October 10, 1931

## The LATEST EMPIRE LINK

### The Maiden Voyage of the New P. & O. Liner "Strathnaver"

The new turbo-electric P. & O. Liner, *Strathnaver*, left last week-end for Australia on her maiden voyage—an earnest, it is hoped, of a new era in Imperial unity. Of 22,547 tons gross, she is the largest steamer in the Australian trade. In contradistinction to other P. & O. vessels, the *Strathnaver* has a white hull and three buff funnels. She carries 498 first class and 668 tourist-class passengers, and is luxuriously appointed throughout. Her name comes from a beautiful valley running Northwards from Loch Naver in Sutherland, one of the most northerly divisions of Scotland

SPECIAL FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE


| | Page |
|---|---|
| Gold, by R. H. Mottram | 45 |
| The F.B.I. | 46 |
| The Atlantic Rescue | 47 |
| Spain To-day | 48 |
| Marriage in Korea | 49 |
| England's Idle Ships | 50-51 |
| Not Since Bonaparte | 54 |
| Rock Climbing Section | 56-59 |
| Johannesburg | 60-61 |
| Bird Migration | 62 |
| Archæology | 65 |
| Motor Show Forecasts | 76-78-80 |

# A London Newsletter

THE DISILLUSIONED KELLOGG and his wonder book of signatures. But Japan fights China without the least look at this volume

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, October 7, 1931

**Dangers of the Election.**—It needs no argument, no remorseless logic, from Premier or Minister to warn us (now that it's on us) of the dangers of the General Election. We know. The bogey looms up like a liner in a fog. There is a huge electorate, a majority lacking or unconscious of responsibilities as citizens, a majority that "takes suggestion as a cat laps milk," that is, laps milk in preference to water, and believes what it wants to believe. The times are bad and have been sad and sorry for too long, and the majority of the electorate want to believe that this crisis was engineered by capitalists to rob the poor of their just benefits. And this poison is poured in at the ear and does its deadly work. It forms a hard core and prevents the passage of saner counsels or of logical proofs in the contrary sense. To assess the deadliness of the poison one has but to read the Socialists' Party Resolutions now being discussed at Scarborough. Yet the arch-Saul, the super-persecutor of the Christians (if one may so paradoxically similise the rich), is Mr. Snowden, and Mr. Snowden has unequivocally declared to 14,000,000 listeners that if he could further tax the rich to benefit the poor he would do it, but that the rich man was already taxed cent. per cent., bled white. The man with £30,000 a year must pay away £26,000 every year in taxes and insurance if he is to maintain his asset as a non-wasting asset. That is surely a convincing argument. But it is not believed. Neither are the sacrifices of that other arch-Saul, our present Premier, believed in. He has hurled into the dust-bin his life's work. Mr. Thomas, who is no unworldly visionary, has sacrificed the material rewards of a life of hard work, as a result of the same sudden light such as struck the first Saul of Tarsus. But he is not believed.

**Go in Blind.**—And indeed political faith is dead. It is the same for all parties. We have all got to plunge in blindfold. It is no time for formulas, for party compromises, for conversations and conversions at Churt or elsewhere. We have been very strongly of that opinion of late. I hope other dailies will imitate the *Express's* premature but vigorous example in our hour of crisis and call on its readers to take MacDonald and the National Government on trust and go blindly forward behind him and push him to the ladder top. Take it on trust (if you cannot believe) that this five-year mandate from the country is necessary, and necessary *now*. Myself I was convinced by what one member alone (Major Glyn) said last week in his constituency. None could have sat in Parliament under the taunts of the Opposition this last fortnight and not tumbled to the truth. Take, on trust, the necessity for an election, the reality of our National danger, the certainty that only a National Government of our most experienced men can pull us through, that MacDonald (whatever your private feelings about the man) is the only leader now available to take the helm, and that a victory for Henderson and Co. at the polls does indeed mean our political extinction as a nation of any importance in civilization, a swift and inexorable extinction by the easy stages of repudiation of debts, unchecked inflation, further unequal taxation and extravagance, the total throttling of trade, bankruptcy, and general starvation. Take the National Government on trust to-day even if you write against each and all of their past political records the verdict, "Guilty but insane." And if you fail from slackness this time to use your vote and use it nationally, you will cast it next time for a compulsory winding-up.

**Britain's Turn.** — Friends and acquaintances who have holidayed abroad and got safe home echo a pæan (which I had thought forgotten) about the white cliffs of old England, and the joy of return to one's native land, where petty branch bank managers do not treat British five-pound notes as proof of the holder's bankruptcy, disreputability, and probably fraudulent intent. And they all add: "Now I'm back I shall stay here. No more queueing up for seats on the train, no more penning up at customs barriers like black sheep, no more equinoctial Channel crossings for me. I shall winter in England and find out if there is any sunshine there." Well, why not? It is only just, if the English Riviera gets a little of its own back for a year or two. There *is* winter sunshine in England. Though the memory of the fashionable is necessarily short, what about Bognor? When the King was ill it was found that Bognor, during two winter months, gave him more sunny days than dull ones, and not a single dangerous change of temperature. Or Ventnor? You will find the Channel passage fraught with no discomfort, and you will not be insulted or jostled at barriers. Or dear old Dr. Bournemouth, that dry and sandy family practitioner, with his music and high-brow distractions? Or Tenby, where the winter light is spring-like and you get April days in January? Or Cornwall's and Devonshire's dozen famous resorts where you are more likely to be dull than the weather? Or Nairn? Do not shudder. Read Nairn's statistics. It is the sunniest, driest, must equable climate in these islands. Or, for that matter, if you love privacy, Flowerdale, overlooking Skye, where exotic plants bloom when one is shivering and blue-nosed in London? And if you must have snow, try Buxton. What do they know of Britain who only Hyères know?

**Utopias Unlimited.**—What would *you* do with the great world? It is almost the old War-cry back again. It is the most stimulating of all the literary puzzles now running. Mr. Wells was understood to say (for he was indifferently heard in the Reporters' Gallery) that he would force it into bankruptcy, a treatment not so drastic as it sounds. For the world is ripe for such treatment. Others follow Mr. Wells—Sir Arthur Salter, the Aga Khan, Lord D'Abernon, Mr. Amery, Sir Denison Ross, and of course the inevitable and once depressing Dean. I don't know what they will all decide to do, but I shall be surprised and shocked if Sir Denison does not seek what is for him the handiest way out of his difficulty and quote that Eastern bard with whom he is so familiar:

"Ah, Love, could'st thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits—and then
Remould it nearer to the heart's Desire."

If he did so, Sir Denison's contribution will not be the least valuable of the series. For there is no world remedy for civilization's ills, save in a hundred years of concentrated mass education. We are to-day in the very heart of the danger zone, the stage in which the masses can read but cannot reason.

**Victoria R. and I.**—Mr. Buckle's latest volume of Queen Victoria's letters, of which we have all been reading stimulating excerpts, is now published in book form. There is something superb about its publication at this juncture. It is like forcing on the mob a glowing and appreciative picture of the Great Days of Versailles, during the heat of the French Revolution. So little time ago, this determined old lady in a black bonnet, this uncompromising essence of pride and prejudice, ruled her Ministers with a rod of iron, openly detested the "mild Liberalism" of Gladstone as Winston Churchill detests the Bolshevism of Russia's rulers, and persecuted her courteous old Minister almost to his death. Quite certain that she *was* England; quite certain that aristocratic government was for the best, and that the working classes were designed by Heaven to work and not to question the decisions of their betters (but to thank God and the Squire's lady for woollen comforters at Christmas), she fought tooth and nail for *her* party, *her* theory of government, *her* country; and, womanlike, she broke the unwritten laws of the Constitution whenever it suited her object. She beat the junker drum, and demanded blood punishment from neighbouring nations which disputed the world supremacy of Victoria's England. In a word, she was exactly like our more aristocratic grandmothers, with their class prejudices accentuated and their gentleness (at least in her public activities) cut out.

**The Ideal Symbol.** — Incomparably the strongest sovereigns this country has ever known were women, and their reigns produced the greatest epochs in our glorious history. What are the clue and the moral? Elizabeth and Victoria were in magnified form like any woman left to manage a big estate. We have all had experience of what they become—dominating, obstinate, single-viewed. A man in such circumstances still sees both sides of a question, a woman can trust no one to do the work but herself. She *becomes* the estate, to the last ear of corn. And the moral of the greatness of their reigns is this: that still, as of old, the races of civilization crave for a leader, a tyrant; a real blood and iron dictator, a strong and absolute symbol. Man, born free, is still fit only to serve. And an executive woman alone has the narrow mind, the concentrated purpose, the single eye, and the lack of humour to play that musical comedy part to absolute perfection. Victoria's theory was perfectly right. The only successful solution of Government is a wise tyranny or a strict aristocracy compelling a totally uneducated mass. By a wise and kindly dispensation of Providence she barely survived her epoch.

ANTI-PIRATE: Five new Post Office radio vans have just been put in commission for the duty of detecting "pirate" listeners-in. £15,000 worth of new subscriptions have poured in owing to fear of this device and the consequences of detection thereby

**Hotson on the Track.**—Whenever Young Hotson (U.S.A.) is in England and haunting Fetter Lane, we lovers of the past have a feeling of divine unrest. Anything may happen when Hotson is blowing the dust off those old parchments in the Record Office. He may discover the truth about the Warming Pan or legitimiize Perkin Warbeck, or find the marriage lines of Queen Elizabeth. Certain live literary men scoff at this dust-bin business. Other folk protest that the dust-bin is more romantic and less dingy than modern life. Mr. Hotson's last discovery whitewashes Squire Lucy and knocks Charlecote Park off the itinerary of the Shakespeare-country charabanc tours. Justice Shallow was a Surrey magistrate after all, and it doesn't surprise me at all. I live in Surrey. This discovery sends me hot foot again to Henry IV, Part 2, wherein I shall enjoy new delight as I drain the rich sack of Falstaff's wit and frailty and humanity. How absurd to say that it doesn't matter who Shakespeare was! Every fragment of truth about an artist who created a masterpiece enhances the value of the masterpiece. If it were not so, history and biography would never be written.

**The Cup that Cheered.**—My headline is double-headed in its reference to Sir Thomas Lipton. It will do duty to recall Lipton's teas which (with the Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley pen) are my most vivid recollection of railway travel in childhood, or it may symbolize the America Cup which was lost to this country about the time of his birth and has not yet been regained. Lipton believed that there is no failure except in ceasing to try; and, if he did not win back the trophy, he made it a cup that cheers. And even the ranks of Tuscany echoed that cheer for the finest loser in civilization. Tommy Lipton started with faith in himself and the proverbial shilling, and the secret of his popularity and happiness was just this. He "arrived," but to the day of his death continued to "travel hopefully." To "arrive" is nothing but atrophy and bathos. To travel hopefully is to be happy.

**As Fast as Sound Travels.**—Flight-Lieut. Stainforth last week flew at a speed about 20 m.p.h. beyond the wildest dreams of his backers and designers. He reached 415 m.p.h. during a flight and "averaged" 408. Thus the speed of man through the air has doubled in ten years. This business of construction is expensive (though I believe profitable on the long view), and it may be times are too bad to expect to double again in the next decade. But even two years ago a speed of 1,000 m.p.h. was not regarded as fantastic. Just at present pioneers set their goal at the 650 m.p.h. mark, the speed at which sound travels—

"And in my heart I hear the chime
Of *Faith* whose feet shall outrun time."

What has Stainforth done? He has put Guildford four minutes and Edinburgh fifty-four minutes from London. He has given a guarantee for the soundness of aeroplane construction against the force and pressure to be encountered by high-speed flying which to the commercial and private aeroplane user must appear absolute. And in Britain's hour of humiliation he has still more firmly established our speed supremacy and all other supremacies which it implies.

THE OLD STAGER.

# SOCIETY *in the* NEWS

## *The Coke-Yorke Wedding : Alfresco Occasions*

A PRETTY BRIDE: Lady Elizabeth Yorke, with her uncle, the Hon. Claude Yorke (who escorted her up the aisle), leaves 13, Queensberry Place for her marriage to the Hon. Thomas Coke, her childhood's friend, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

ESCORTING THE ESCORT: Miss Ann Fielden, one of the bridal attendants at the wedding of her uncle, Captain Geoffrey Fielden, to Miss Virginia Inglis at St. Margaret's, Westminster—"and friend"

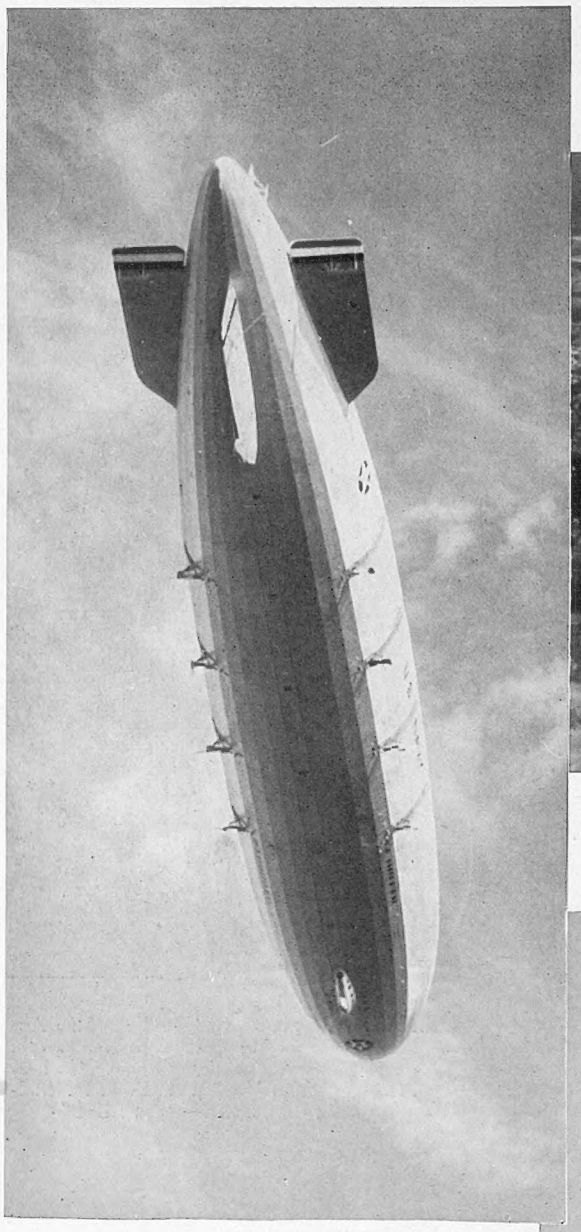
*Inset*—TWO BY TWO: The bridal attendants at the Coke-Yorke wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, were headed by the pages, Lord Folkestone and Lord Montagu of Beaulieu

AUTUMN IN THE PARK: Mrs. Anthony Jenkinson and Mrs. Philip Kindersley with two friends in Hyde Park

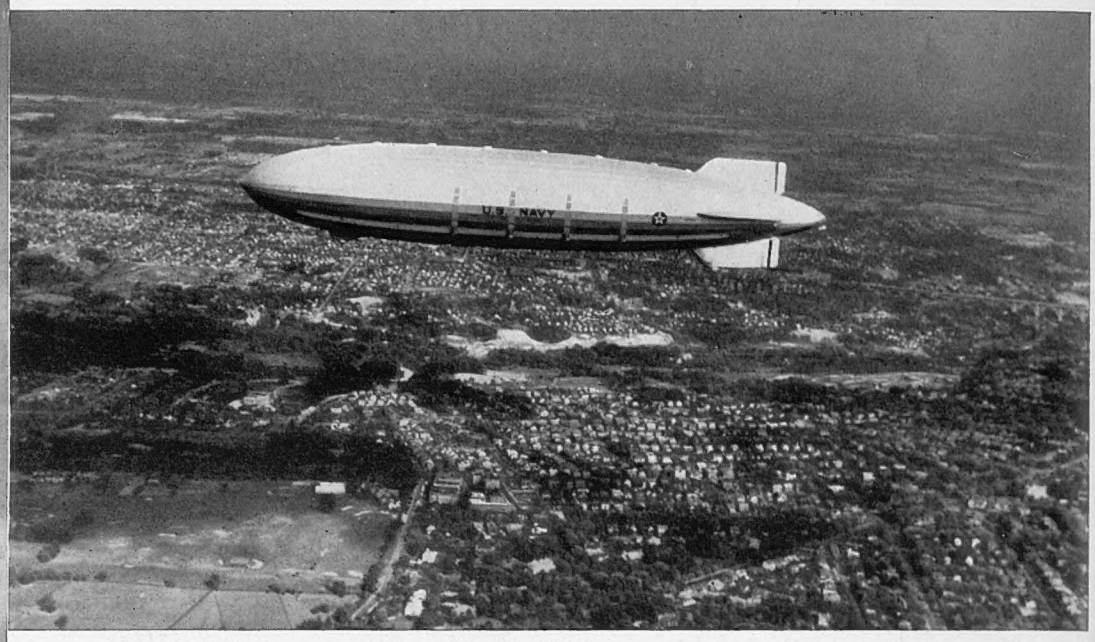
ONE WAY OUT OF A DIFFICULT SITUATION: Miss Wanda Morgan, the new lady champion, de-bunkers

**The wedding of the Hon. Thomas Coke, Scots Guards, grandson of the Earl of Leicester, and Lady Elizabeth Yorke, daughter of the Earl of Hardwicke, was celebrated at St. Margaret's, Westminster, with great pomp. The reception at the Eyres-Monsell's house was a terrific crush. Held on "the first day of summer," it took twenty minutes to progress from the street to the head of the stairs. The wedding is the culmination of a childhood romance.**

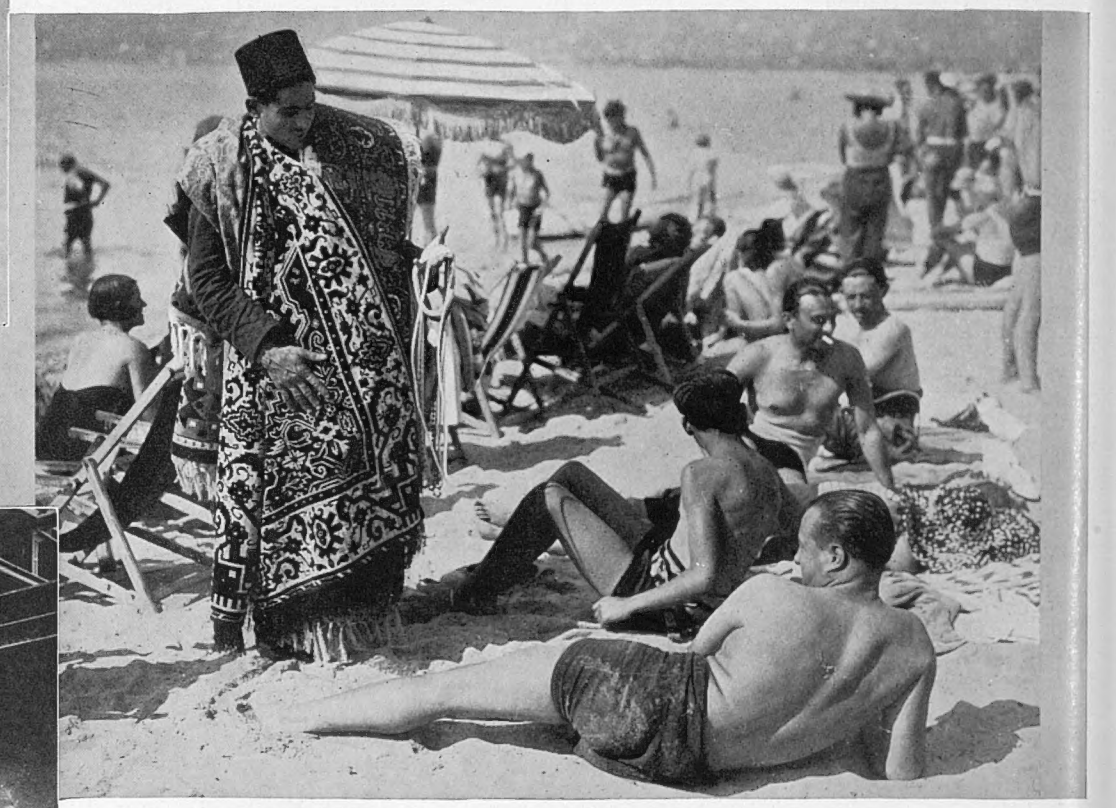
# A GLIMPSE *of the* WORLD



*DESCENT: The U.S. dirigible* Akron, *the largest airship in the world, which was christened a few weeks ago by Mrs. Hoover, is here seen in a view displaying her eight side-propellers. She has no external "power-eggs" like the* Graf Zeppelin. *She is the latest product of the Goodrich works at Akron*




*ARMED ON THE ROOF: The U.S.* Akron *with her ten gun turrets on the roof, and her engines inside her great hull. This ship, the greatest dirigible in the world from the point of view of sheer size, is seen on her first outing. She made only a short voyage—just to get her "air legs"—so to speak!*



*LAST IDLE WORSHIPPERS OF THE SUN: Most of the Riviera "tanning" resorts have closed down, though a few hardy souls continue to bathe. Alfresco restaurants are no longer open and meals are now taken under cover. There is, furthermore, an efflux of Britons from the Riviera owing to the fluctuations of the £ and the anti-British financial prejudice abroad which renders a stay in countries still on the Gold Standard the reverse of pleasant*

*THE MUSTAPHA KEMAL MEMORIAL: The bronze by Herr Heinrich Krippel, the Viennese sculptor (left in hat) erected in Samsun, where he worked for Turkish independence in 1919. The treatment is pre-eminently flamboyant, and the Ghazi is given something of the aspect of an English officer*

*SPAIN STILL IS CATHOLIC: Despite the sporadic outbreaks of anti-religion in Spain—outbreaks apparently inseparable from Revolution—the body of Spain is still devoutly Roman Catholic. A deputation from the Union of Spanish Ladies and the Catholic Society for Women presented 1,401,595 signatures of Catholic women protesting against anti-clericalism*

# MAYORAL LONDON

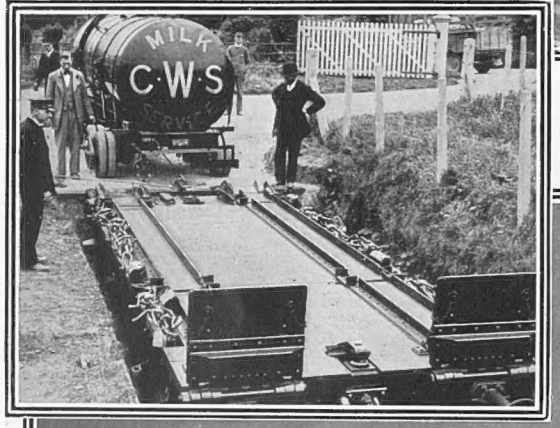
***And Barking's Celebrations on its Newly-acquired Municipality***

*A ROYAL CHARTER FOR BARKING: A fair, to which several London actresses were bidden, was held to celebrate Barking's becoming a municipal borough by Royal Charter presented by Prince George. Councillor Martin is seen inaugurating the fair by hurling a ball at a coconut*

Inset above — *THE ELECTION OF THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON: Alderman Jenks, one of the present Sheriffs, who was unanimously elected Lord Mayor of London in succession to Sir Phené Neal. The Liverymen of the City Guilds assembled at the Guildhall for the election after attending service at St. Lawrence Jewry. The Lord Mayor-elect is seen above on left followed by Sir Ernest Wild, the Recorder*

*PRESENTATION: A moment during the annual prize-giving ceremony at the City of London School, Victoria Embankment. Sir Phené Neal, the retiring Lord Mayor, is in the chair. The City of London School is one of the few public schools which are not also boarding schools*

# MECHANICAL ACHIEVEMENTS *of the* WEEK




2,000 GALLON TANKS BRING LONDON ITS MILK SUPPLY: An entirely new method of transporting milk has just been started by the running of special milk tanks and wagons by the Southern Railway from Somerset to London. Tanks each holding 2,000 gallons are hauled by road from the milk depot to the station and then run on to specially-constructed wagons which are attached to fast trains to London. This results in the minimum of handling as each tank has the capacity of 125 churns

BRITAIN'S MOTORING TRIUMPH: The "Baby" cars start in the 500-mile race at Brooklands—an event won by Messrs. Cyril and Paul and Jack Dunfee (*inset on right*) in a Bentley; a Talbot placed second, and M. G. Midget third. The team prize was won by three M. G. Midgets. The winning Bentley's speed was 118 m.p.h.; the Talbot averaged 112 m.p.h. and the M. G. Midget 92.17 m.p.h. A Riley forced itself into the lead early in the race, but was compelled to retire owing to engine trouble. The first eight places were gained by British cars—a notable pendant to our superb victory in the Schneider Trophy and the air speed record

# PAYING in STERLING and Paying in Gold

## What has Happened Since the Vanishing of the English Gold Sovereign and Why the Paper Pound Sterling Should be Regarded as "Good as Gold"

By R. H. MOTTRAM

*(Author of "A History of Financial Speculation," and "Miniature Banking Histories")*

It is not my business here to explain how the word sterling came to be used in the sense in which it has become so familiar during the last few days. I must, however, point out that the sentiment connected with it results in part from the purely literary and dramatic sense in which the word has come to mean something indubitable and honest. So that while on the one hand, in all the Foreign Exchange counters of the City, and the financial centres of the world with which the City deals, the word sterling is simply a short way of saying "British Currency" in contra-distinction to "U.S. Dollars" or "French Francs" (you have to be careful; there are eight kinds of dollars and five kinds of francs), sterling also denotes certain business habits and scruples as to conduct. To a banker, sterling means British pounds only, not even Australian ones which are not the same, and which are dealt in, at a rate of exchange, governed by supply and demand like any foreign currency, not merely during the present phase in Australia, but always have been like any foreign currency. It sounds shocking but it is so. And in that fact lies the explanation of all the immediate part of the crisis, and the clue by which alone we can unravel the puzzle. If civilization is not to go down in ruin, it must rid itself of the superstition, dating from Old Testament times, of the absolute nature of money (by which word, a minted coin is indicated to most minds). Until we have risen above that, we shall be dogged not merely by the calamities under which we are now suffering but by a fundamental insincerity in life. "Money," bullion, or minted coin is not wealth, except when it is being used. Hoarded in the private stocking, or in the national War chest, it is dead and useless and might as well be thrown into the sea. In this, as in other things, Christian doctrine was not only morally but economically correct. The man who, in the parable, wrapped up his talent and buried it, instead of putting it into circulation, was not merely a moral half-wit. He was, and is a Public Inconvenience.

The word circulation leads straight to the cardinal virtue of the British sterling pound. Because we were early weaned from the notion of land and gewgaws as wealth, partly by circumstances that it would take long to recapitulate, in which sea-borne trading was a large factor, the pound sterling had to be in circulation. In order to circulate freely, it had to be standardized. Not merely stamped by some authority, with the King's effigy or other device. That had been done for centuries, but achieved nothing so long as kings were willing to tamper with the fineness (the amount of pure gold in the coin), or rascals contrived to scrape or chip bits of metal off. Thus in 1816 the coinage was still extremely debased, and old bank records of the time show how much of it had still to be treated by weight and not by its face value.

But since the drastic revision of that date, right down to August 1914, there poured out in heaps on every bank counter, obtainable by any honest man and a good many about whom it was the only honest thing, the pound sterling, the British sovereign. Thus the literary sentiment of the word sterling became indissolubly connected with a coin of well-known appearance. And the very ubiquity of the sovereign perhaps helped to perpetuate the illusion that it, the piece of gold, not the purchasing power of which it was the token, was wealth of a reality that nothing else could equal. And there were, in support of this fallacy, the facts of our foreign trade, which not only affected a greater proportion of the nation than is the case in any other country, but of which the effect was increased by the fact that, having the machinery for making all sorts of international payments, we did the greater part of such necessary work.

In practice, what happened was that if a nation, A, bought more goods from nation B than B bought from A, there came a time when bankers and such persons began to quote stiff terms for what amounted to cashing A country's cheques. That is, the supply of paper promises to pay made by the merchants in A exceeded the demand and the price of them fell. If this movement were marked enough it became preferable for the persons owing money, who lived in A, to pay by gold rather than cheque. And there, in London, were not only the indubitable sovereign or the bar of gold at a well-known price, but also all the facilities for shipment and regulation. For gold, particularly the gold marketed in London, did not fluctuate in value. Fixed by law at a certain fineness, plentiful in supply, easily handled by people accustomed to it, naturally the presence of this international gold market strengthened the idea of sterling.

The internal position of gold inside the United Kingdom has been less prominent, because gold does not come into play between two natives (or "nationals" as people like to call them now) of the same country, provided that its currency is managed as honestly as ours has been these 100 years. A century ago, however, the public sentiment was very different, and there linger on the Statute Book regulations as to the proportion of gold the Bank of England must keep to back up its note issue. The last serious panic in England was in 1890, and even that did not call seriously in question the soundness of the national currency. But at any time before that date, small and even sometimes large banks and businesses in Great Britain were liable to go suddenly bankrupt, as they do in France and the United States to-day, and gold had to be rushed to the area affected to reassure the public, an object which was even achieved sometimes by sending bank clerks out by the back door to pay in gold at the counter in full sight of the public.

*This anecdote shows graphically the all-important fact that gold has no reality.* Its value is just as much sentiment as that attaching to a promise written on paper. There never has been, since international trade became general in the early eighteenth century, enough gold in the world to liquidate the world's trade. There never has been enough gold in the Bank of England to meet all its obligations, if all its creditors pressed it at once. Credit, the general belief in every one's intention and eventual ability to pay, is the only possible basis on which civilization can be kept from relapsing into barbarism.

The actual means of trade are still goods, just as in the age of barter. Gold is an extremely convenient manner of transfer, and settling of balances, an excellent standard of measure, a most admirable and durable token. But you cannot eat it or ride on it or enjoy it except by spending it. Passive, it is as detrimental as Midas in legend discovered, and France and the United States are discovering to-day.

How complete was the confusion between the paper pound, banknote, or cheque, and the gold sovereign, both called indifferently sterling, was illustrated in August, 1914. In forty-eight hours gold coin that had been a common sight since Offa was King of Northumbria, 1,000 years ago, disappeared. I had the privilege of assisting in packing it up. Then, although no one noticed it, there became evident the fact that the pound sterling did not mean a gold coin of a certain weight and thickness. It meant a piece of paper issued within certain broad limits by the Treasury, and certainly not effectively redeemable in gold.

Credit was part of our War-time patriotism. At the Armistice it continued unabated. It even suffered an inflation or boom and a corresponding deflation. Then, in 1925 the attempt was made, as to the wisdom of which I have no need here to argue, to resume as near as might be, the conditions of 1913, to make a cheque drawn in pounds sterling for all practical purposes, and certainly as regards foreign transactions, redeemable in gold. The public inside these islands have done very well without gold. Very few of them noticed that in 1919 the pound was worth 3·50 dollars in the United States, rather less than on September 30, 1931, because Great Britain's debt to the Republic was so much greater than any sum owing by the Republic to Great Britain that the price of the paper pound had fallen. It gradually appeared to regain its parity owing to arrangements made for dealing with the situation. No other currency of any ex-belligerent power did this, and Great Britain was left, in company with Scandinavia, Switzerland, and Holland with the doubtful privilege of having returned to what appeared to be pre-War conditions. The free market in gold—in London—was fully resumed. It was vaguely known that an enormous proportion of the total gold in the world had been transferred to the United States.

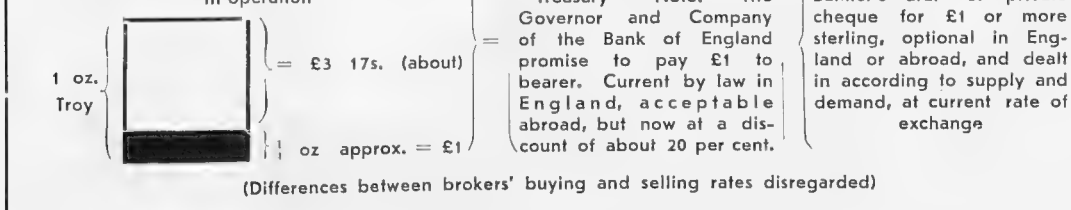
The accumulation made by France after the devaluation of the franc in 1926 to one-fifth its pre-war purchasing power was less remarked, and in a country where half the population is on the land, mattered little to the international market. But a fresh inflation gathered, and when it burst in 1929, the lunatic rush to obtain and hoard gold coupled with the large amounts withdrawn from circulation by the United States and France, upset the proportion between goods in existence and gold obtainable so that the effort of prices to rise, and of every foreigner to hoard precious metal made it impossible to keep open the gold market in London.

The result demonstrates the true meaning of sterling. Gold coin, for internal purposes, is no longer available. We have Bank of England notes, commonly called Treasury notes, the circulation of which is enforced by law, but which are not effectively convertible into gold. We have cheques which pass current so long as the creditor is willing to receive them and they are good at the bank. But *outside* our island our cheques, even the best bankers' drafts, for pound sterling are worth only under 4 dollars instead of 4·86 dollars, just as in 1919, and corresponding amounts in other centres, where frightened creditors want gold metal and not the British promise to pay. May they soon repent, for the world cannot live by gold, **and no international medium is so convenient and ready as the pound sterling in paper.**

Ewing Galloway

"THE WORLD CANNOT LIVE BY GOLD": A reminiscence of Main Street, Dawson City, during the great gold rush of '98

**DIAGRAM OF THREE SORTS OF STERLING**




(Differences between brokers' buying and selling rates disregarded)

# THE MYSTIC F.B.I.

## The Federation of British Industries, whose Triune Symbol Stands for Britain's Best Business Brains in Council

### By W. HOLT-WHITE

*" When none were for a Party,*
*And all were for the State."*

*Shall England stand?*

Well, from the tiny grain of mustard seed rises a giant tree. Even so—to mix the metaphor somewhat violently—it may yet come to pass that from the stray casting of the bread of an idea upon the troubled war waters of 1916, much bread, well buttered, may return to Britain after many days.

In plain English, the idea which gave birth to the Federation of British Industries in 1916, with all its subsequent fruition of economic and industrial planning and organization, may in 1931 blaze the way to the ultimate salvation, security, and prosperity of the British Commonwealth.

The future historian may in all likelihood record that the heritage of Britain and the stability of civilization in general were in large part secured by the F.B.I.

Bold words. They might appear to be boastful and ranting words if they were used by the F.B.I. But they are not. They are merely used by myself after an investigation of the breadth and penetration of the thought and the world-wide organization which inspire and order the activities of the F.B.I. in five continents.

What is the F.B.I.?

The British Government knows; the Governments of the British Commonwealth know. All the consuls and vice-consuls of Britain scattered round the world know. Foreign governments and their multifarious agents all know. In this country the bankers and the financiers, the industrialists and the manufacturers, the Chambers of Commerce and the politicians of all parties, know. They all know of the balanced and impartial puissance of the F.B.I.

Yet, curiously enough, to the average citizen, to the man in the street, the letters F.B.I. mean little or nothing. Or if they mean anything—as is now and again suggested from an extremist source—they simply mean some formidable and sinister secret society founded for the grinding of the faces of the poor. How thoroughly English! that the earnest and devoted men who have banded themselves together to advance and advertise the cause of Britain and the British Commonwealth should have forborne to advertise the mission which means so much to all of us.

Allow me—and the effort is unsolicited—to advertise the comparatively unknown but sleepless advertisers of the British Empire and the British Empire goods—the F.B.I.

The security which was born of our triumphant issue from the Napoleonic wars gave Britain her opportunity for industrial dominion. Nation of shopkeepers we might be, but the blood of the old merchant adventurers still ran in our veins, and our ships swept the seven seas.

Then came machinery and steam. Our bottoms carried our manufactures to the ends of the earth. We founded the greatest industrial empire the world has ever known. Our trade was elastic and our methods were mobile. We had a long start and we made good on that start. It was, however, idle to suppose that, as the years went on, we should meet with no opposition. Naturally, later, we met with competition as keen as our own, and when the War came our industrial supremacy was threatened.

The slogan of "Business as usual" which enlivened the earlier stages of the War did not survive for long. Soon all the energies of the country were caught in the meshes of the War. It absorbed all our thoughts and all our actions. Fortunately, however, there were one or two men who were far-seeing enough to say to themselves and to each other, "After the War—what then?"

We might win the War, but if the captains of our industries took no thought for the morrow we might well lose the peace. One of those men was Mr. Dudley Docker. And it was chiefly from him that sprang the idea in 1916 of forming an association of manufacturers who should lay their plans for holding their own in the world's market after we had won through to peace.

It was inevitable that enormous millstones of debt should be hung about our necks for decades to come even though our arms should triumph. And the only means of facing those debts, and at the same time securing a decent standard of living for our people, were that when at last the bugle sang "Cease fire" across the world, trade and the prosperity and happiness that come from trade should be restored to Britain.

This was no mean ideal, and from the first conceptions of the scheme have sprung the extraordinary enterprise of the F.B.I. to-day.

We are constantly being told that some country does this and another country does that, the comparison always being to the detriment of Britain. But the fact remains that no country in the world boasts such an organization as the Federation of British Industries which, incorporated by Royal Charter in 1924, was established in 1916 to co-ordinate and inspire the brains of British commerce.

It was founded to supply a missing link in the chain of British industrial organization. It exists to encourage and develop British manufactures and to safeguard the interests of British producers both at home and abroad. Nothing, indeed, that concerns the welfare of British industry falls outside its scope.

Its authority is immense and has never been and cannot be questioned. It is the largest association of manufacturers in the world. Practically every important manufacturers' association in the country, to the number of 165, is a member of the F.B.I. This year its President is Sir James Lithgow and its Deputy-President Sir Arthur Duckham. And one has only to scan the list of past presidents to realize the nature of the men who have given it its history, its character, and its weight—such men as Mr. Dudley Docker, Sir Peter Rylands, Sir Eric Geddes, Lord Gainford, and Lord Ebbisham.

It is impossible to include all the names of the vice-presidents who this year go to make up its grand council. But here are a few at random: Lord Aberconway, Sir Robert Hadfield, Sir David Milne-Watson, Sir William B. Peat (the chairman), Sir Edgar Sanders, and Sir Edmund Wyldbore-Smith (of Thomas Cook and Sons).

These are but a few of the men who, with Sir Roland Nugent as director, preside over the destinies of businesses which, given in alphabetical order, occupy 289 pages of the F.B.I. register. It is again impossible to mention all the trades this list includes.

The appeal and the uses of the F.B.I. to the manufacturer are based on the fact that it is purely non-political. Over the door of their new headquarters in Tothill Street, Westminster, the F.B.I. might well emblazon the words:

ALL POLITICS ABANDON YE WHO ENTER HERE.

At its headquarters in London the F.B.I. maintains a staff of experts in all branches of industrial activity. And the organization is divided into two parts—home and overseas.

In the United Kingdom the F.B.I. is organised both geographically and functionally. The country has been divided into fourteen industrial districts, each in charge of a resident secretary who is responsible to his local committee. Again, the home side is divided into twenty-four industrial groups. It can therefore, at any given moment obtain the views of all manufacturers in one centre, or of all members of the same trade throughout the country.

The various sections of the overseas organization are in touch with correspondents or representatives abroad. These number about 100, and apart from the British Empire operate in no less than sixty foreign countries.

Here again it is necessary drastically to epitomize, but among the functions performed by the F.B.I. in respect to foreign affairs is the watching of current rates of exchange in forty-eight countries. Of these daily records are kept. Further, the F.B.I. supplies reports and information in respect to overseas markets, giving the general conditions and the articles in demand.

It specializes in assistance of all kinds in organizing and developing export trade. Reports are supplied at request on the possible demand for commodities; suggestions are made as to the best selling methods, together with information as to local competition and the best means of dealing with it. The result is that the F.B.I. is in daily touch with changing trade conditions in every part of the world. Its Intelligence Department is widespread and exact. Not a day passes but that headquarters receive information of commercial significance.

These are facts which must be borne in mind when one comes to consider the present position of the F.B.I. in respect to tariffs. But there are two points which should be emphasized above all others:

(1) An expert staff watches the movements of tariffs throughout the world.

(2) The F.B.I. urges and encourages the practice of inter-trading between its members as a means of improving the home trade and fostering mutual co-operation.

Now it cannot be insisted too often that the attitude of the F.B.I. is, and always was, icily economic. Not only that, but it scarcely considers things even from the point of view of Capital and Labour. So far as that goes there is on the one side the National Confederation of Employers' organization and, on the other, the T.U.C. These form, as it were, the basic points of an isosceles triangle, at the apex of which is the F.B.I.

The F.B.I. is not in the least concerned with conditions of labour or wages except from the purely economic or actuarial point of view.

As an example of co-operation between the F.B.I. and the T.U.C. it may be recalled that in September last year, just before the Imperial Conference, these bodies sent a jointly-signed memorandum to the Prime Minister setting forth their combined ideas for the better economic organization of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Now it is just because of the impartiality of the F.B.I.'s assessments that attention must be given to their attitude on tariffs. Everyone knows that they stood for safeguarding in certain industries. But the general public is probably not aware that, in October last, questionnaires were sent out on the fiscal question to all members of the F.B.I. and, by Trade Associations, to firms affiliated to them. Over 90 per cent. of those who voted were in favour of a fiscal change. Not a single industrial group was against a change.

These were significant figures and heartened the Industrial Policy Committee of the F.B.I. in its labours of drafting a fiscal policy.

When the crisis came, the F.B.I. was not only prepared but acted calmly and swiftly.

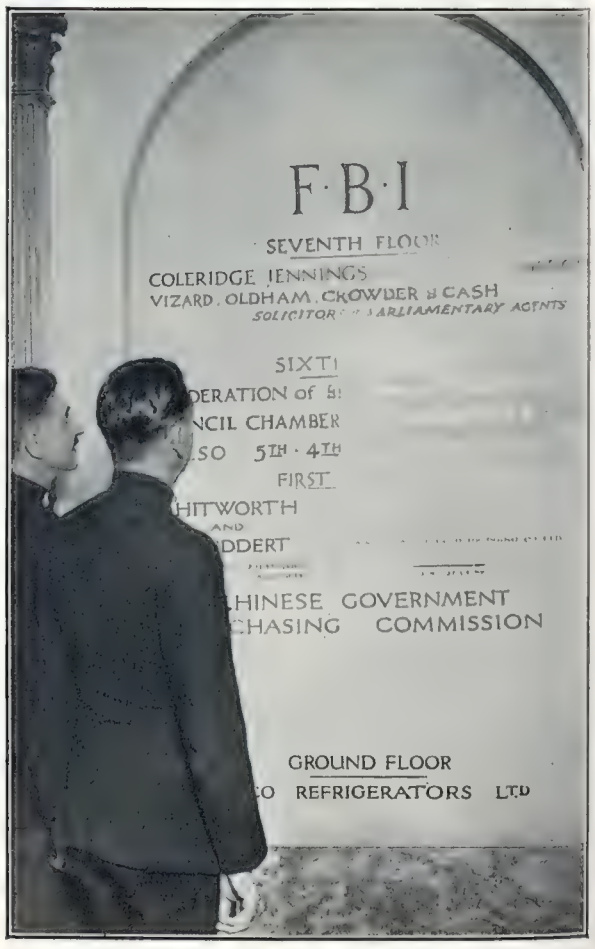
First there was the Budget. On that matter, with wise statesmanship, it decided not to embarrass the Government. But when the question of tariffs as a means of dealing with our adverse trade balance came flaming up, the F.B.I. lost no time in setting forth its views. In a specially issued publication, *Industry and the Nation*, it lays it down that the construction of such a tariff requires skilled investigation, the careful calculation of the needs of each industry, and a considerable degree of experiment and subsequent adjustment.

The F.B.I.'s insistence on the reduction of national expenditure was firm and forcible.

It is impossible even to summarize this remarkable document, of which 59,000 copies were sent out, but it must be added that towards the end of September Sir James Lithgow, the president, issued a supplementary document in which he made it clear that a flat rate tariff on all commodities, if at a sufficiently high rate to restrict imports to the required extent, would be a serious handicap to the export trade of all industries, and particularly to those industries which rely upon imported raw material. Classification is essential if harm is not to be done to many industries.

From that it is evident that the F.B.I. is no body of wild men shouting for any kind of a tariff at all costs.

Whatever, therefore, one's own opinions, it is impossible to ignore the weight of the massed opinion behind the F.B.I. And that opinion is not political. It is wholly commercial. The F.B.I. represents the best business brains of Britain, and it is impossible to suppose that the heads of all our industries have all gone mad together. The Federation of Industries is in reality a Federation of British Interests.




F.B.I.: The entrance to the head offices, Tothill Street

*LIVING ON HOPE ALONE: The transatlantic flyers caught by a camera on board SS. Belmoira just before the rescue was effected*

# ALL'S WELL *that* ENDS WELL

*The Saga of an Atlantic Attempt, Failure and Rescue after six days afloat*

THE LAST OF THE "ESA": Captain Johanssen took this picture of the machine on which he and his companions had drifted helpless for 158 hours as the rescue ship, S.S. "Belmoira" ploughed away. The nose of the 'plane is even lower than it was at the moment of rescue

*THE INSTANT OF RESCUE: A remarkable picture taken by Captain Christian Johanssen as he was taken off the monoplane* Esa *by S.S.* Belmoira. *The* Esa *is seen being cast off from the rescue ship. The ability of Captain Johanssen after the strain of 158 hours' practical starvation and hopeless drifting in the sea, to take pictures, is one of the most astonishing incidents in the entire saga*

Mr. Willy Rody, the German airman who, with Christian Johanssen, a Dane, and Costa Viega, a Portuguese passenger, failed in an attempt to fly from Lisbon to America, and drifted about for six days on their machine, wrote in the *News-Chronicle* as follows: "There was nothing to do but to drop into the ocean—ninety-two miles from the shore. . . . A forced landing—in a land machine. . . . Each instant we expected to go down. . . . A great wave burst the cabin door and our belongings were washed away—mats, provisions, everything. . . . It was a marvel that the machine continued to float. . . . What a position to be in, far at sea in a land 'plane which might sink at any minute, no drinking water save what we had salvaged from that used to cool the motor, no food except seven ounces of chocolate—and soaked through and through. So it continued on Thursday, the 17th, and on Friday. On Friday night the wind blew at 40 m.p.h., and with a heavy sea, to all appearances, our doom was sealed. . . ." On Sunday, a ship drew near, but failed to see their signals. On the Monday they were rescued by *S.S. Belmoira* whence they were transferred to *S.S. Stavangerfjord*. The 'plane was, perforce, abandoned.

# Will the Spanish Republic Last?

## It has Not Yet Achieved a Constitution

By SISLEY HUDDLESTON

"Three months of the Republic, one month of Communism, and then the Restoration." So said a cynical observer to me at the Escorial. I did not agree with him, and as the Republic has already lasted six months his time-table has obviously gone wrong. Things do not move so swiftly as that in Spain.

That the monarchy was doomed was certain for many years. King Alfonso well knew it. The establishment of the dictatorship under Primo de Rivera eight years ago was the ultimate expedient. It was an expedient that was prolonged. Yet, on one of my visits to Madrid three years ago, I came to the conclusion that both Dictator and Monarch were on their last legs. I listened to the Dictator's admission that he would soon retire. I listened to distinguished politicians who were persuaded that he could not retire without bringing down the king. They were right, and I was right; but in this land of procrastination it took many scorching suns on the rock-strewn arid sierras of Castile to prove that we were right.

The tempo of things is slower than elsewhere. In the tragic history of that country even disasters came not catastrophically, but spread themselves out immeasurably, leisurely. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, creeps in this petty pace from day to day. *Mañana*, say the Spaniards; and just as the Monarchy lasted when by its accumulated mistakes it had become impossible, so the Republic, even though it were far less competent than it is, and even though the problems with which it is faced were far greater than they are, will continue for an unexpected length of time.

The former King, though he blundered badly in the latter stages, is nevertheless one of the shrewdest politicians Spain has produced. Anxious though he may be to go back to the throne of a long line of kings, he has counselled his followers not to be precipitate. Curious as it may sound, there is something in the grave deliberation of the Spaniards that reminds me of British institutions. The lively Latins of France try from the word "Go" to upset each successive government, and they usually succeed in a few months. But in England, even a minority government, which could be upset at any moment, is allowed to remain in office for two years, and would probably have been allowed to remain longer had it not been for exceptional circumstances. So in Spain there has been, on the whole, an amazing spirit of fair play. "Let these Republicans see what they can do. We, Monarchists, Catholics, Conservatives, will sit back ironically and watch them break their teeth on the centuries-old problems."

For nothing is changed automatically because the head of the State is called a President. Alcala Zamora is faced with precisely the same age-old problems as was ex-King Alfonso. I was much amused to hear him criticized by Republican friends in Madrid for having gone to a celebration of Mass after his proclamation as President. This is a trivial but illuminating example of how the religious question remains the same under the Republic as under the Monarchy.

All through those hot electioneering days I listened to enormous quantities of perfervid oratory. Alejandro Lerroux, the Foreign Minister, who has given forty years of his life to the Republican cause, could draw almost as many people as a celebrated bull-fighter. Indeed his meetings were held in the arenas where crowds of 20,000, 30,000, and even 40,000 are wont to collect. With his white head, his long moustaches, his gleaming glasses, his neatly-cut black clothes, the elderly gentleman was almost as popular as a lithe, gold-embroidered champion matador. The reflexes of the crowd were those of *aficionados*. They cheered each pass, and they applauded each thrust as connoisseurs. And afterwards they quietly dispersed to the cafés to debate his style.

Even the burning of convents could hardly be regarded as a bloodthirsty affair. It was the work of a few hooligans coming with their petrol cans from one knows not where, and disappearing unmolested into the void. The mob simply looked on at the spectacle. Before it began monks and nuns were politely assisted to a place of safety. An officious policeman reminded the onlookers that they were standing on precious grass plots—and the onlookers obligingly and obediently stepped off the grass! A friend of mine, interested in the art treasures of a certain monastery which he heard was to be burnt, hurried to the spot and put himself at the head of the rioters. "We don't want to burn valuable things that are part of the national patrimony," he cried. "Follow me, and I'll tell you what you can burn." The crowd meekly followed him, and when he condemned an iron bedstead, flung it from the window on to the bonfire; and when he pronounced in favour of a picture or a statue there were willing hands to carry it, on his instructions, to a nearby building.

This sounds burlesque only because common sense is a rare quality, and the Spaniards are of all peoples level-headed to the point of scepticism. They are patient; they have no longer any illusions. I sat through the long warm summer nights, at the height of the Revolution, on the benches of the famous Prado, or by a kiosk on the Castellana; and I sipped my *horchata* and watched the men and women under the trees laughing and gesticulating and enjoying the little breezes under the great blue starry skies of Madrid.

"This then is Revolution," I murmured, dismissing once and for all the tumultuous images of Carlyle. It is true that my old Paris acquaintance Major Franco was accused of fomenting rebellion in Andalusia; and there were exciting incidents here, and momentary uprisings there. It is true that in the Northern provinces, the Basque and Navarre regions in particular, Roman Catholic populations were incensed at the expulsion of the Archbishop of Toledo, the Primate of Spain, Cardinal Segura, and at the proposal to separate Church and State and to disperse the religious orders. There was even talk of a mysterious visit of Don Jaime, the Pretender; but his appearance was as uncertain as that of the Virgin which was recorded at the same time.

Of more importance were the sporadic social troubles—the strikes which broke out everywhere, but especially in Barcelona, the traditional centre of Anarchists, Syndicalists, and Communists. Colonel Macia, whom I had last seen an exile in France, a tall, thin, elderly man with fanatical eyes, resembling Don Quixote, was now the hero of Catalonia; but he was accused outside Catalonia of relying on the support of the industrial extremists and therefore of favouring them. There was probably some truth in the charge; though Macia cared nothing for their labour views, he cared only for the autonomy of Catalonia.

Wages are miserably low. The Spaniard lives on incredibly little. The Republic is expected to raise the standard of living, but these strikes and sabotages are not new. The problem does not arise because of the change of régime; it is chronic; it has been neglected; it is now being tackled.

There was much exaggeration. My hotel windows looked out on the magnificent telephone building guarded by the police. One night during the strike a score of young men began to sing the Internationale. Two or three policemen drew their truncheons and made for the group of demonstrators who fled like rabbits in all directions. That was all. Yet this scene, of which I was an eye-witness, was magnified into a Communist attack and a police charge, and was related at length in the newspapers. For my part I decided to take with a grain of salt anything I read about a country in Revolution unless I could find confirmation.

Some of the Ministers struck me as remarkably able. I should perhaps put Señor Azana first. When I first saw him, with his huge heavy mask, I thought he was dull. But from the mask shone brilliant eyes, and he spoke with a directness that can only come from profound thought. His courage and his energy were staggering. Here was a country where the army had ruled. From the highest post to the lowest you would find a hierarchy of officers. No king could stand against the army whose *pronunciamentos* made and unmade governments. Now came Azana and with a stroke of the pen simply wiped out the chief army posts and called for the resignation of the majority of the officers. He got them by the first post. There was no reaction. The great army machine of misgovernment is broken.

Next perhaps I should put Señor Maura. He is responsible for public order, and he speaks plainly, acts energetically, and takes risks disdainfully. One night when he was especially menaced, I found him quietly dining in a little restaurant, where anyone could enter, without bodyguard. . . . Señor Prieto offers a fine foil to Señor Maura. The one is an aristocrat and the other a plebeian; the one is a Conservative, the other Socialist; the one is clean-cut in face and figure, the other a series of fatty curves; the one speaks with a dignified precision, the other with loose excess. Yet they are in the same Government, and that is one of the weaknesses of the Republican Government.

It is not homogeneous. It is a coat of many colours. It could not even take the responsibility for the projected Constitution. When I went to the Cortes I listened to many fine speeches, but the speeches took us no further. Procrastination was the parliamentary evil which brought the Dictatorship. The same dilatory methods are again being pursued, and at the present rate Spain will have its Constitution somewhere in the twenty-first century.

The Republic started well, but it has since allowed itself to drift. It should have passed a Constitution in a fortnight. Until Spain has a Constitution, the Republic has no solid legal basis. The governmental decrees are just as arbitrary as the decrees of the Dictator. The provisional Government has ventured on reforms in education, in military matters, and in dealings with the Church; but it cannot take the proper steps to deal with the agrarian problem and the financial problem, which are both vital and urgent. Catalonia can flout with impunity the central government, which lacks authority.

Yes, there is no doubt the speeches are fine, but the Government is weak, as it must be while Spain drags on without a Constitution. The Republicans have thrown down the old institutions, and they have not shown themselves as yet capable of constructing new institutions. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow creeps in this petty pace from day to day.

But the Spaniards do not seem greatly to care whether they have a Constitution or not. They lunch at 2.30, dine at 9.30, go to the cinema at 10.30, and to the cafés at 1.30; and they can always find coins for the countless beggars, and will have their shoes polished by the bootblacks at two in the morning, and will buy lottery tickets and dream of sudden fortunes—castles in Spain—and will attend the bull-fights; and whether they are living under a Republic or a Monarchy, or whether they have a Constitution or not, does not seem to them to matter overmuch. Spain does not change. The Spaniard is eternal.

*AFTERMATH OF REVOLUTION: The altar of the Infant Jesus in the church of St. Teresa erected on the site of that destroyed by fire during the revolutionary riots. On the right is the image of the revered Santa Teresita of the Infant Jesus which miraculously escaped the ravages of the flames*

*"HAS THERE BEEN A REVOLUTION?" The nursemaids and their charges on the Prado seem to disregard the disturbances and play their games or gossip under President Zamora as under King Alfonso XIII. "Mañana," is the motto of every Spaniard and all Spain*

# MARRIAGE in Korea

*PROCESSIONAL : The bride is borne beneath sunshades held by bridal attendants while two tiny pages, who are painted almost as highly as the bride herself, precede the procession*

*THE BRIDE : After the ceremony only is the veil of the bride removed, and only then does the groom behold his life-partner. On the wedding day itself and for several days thereafter the bride must preserve silence to prove her breeding and to create a good impression*

***Below is an extract on Korean marriage from* Koreans at Home, *by Constance Taylor, which explains these pictures just received from a Far-East correspondent***

The manners and customs of the Koreans would, I suppose, fill a volume if they could all be written down. There is hardly a circumstance or occasion of life which is not surrounded by the most rigid rules of etiquette. The two great events of marriage and death are well provided for in this respect. When a man wishes to find a wife for his son he looks around among the neighbouring families for a girl of suitable age. Only one restriction is placed upon his choice. Two persons bearing the same family name are not allowed to marry. And taking into consideration the paucity of clan, or surnames, in Korea which Dallet asserts do not exceed 150, it will be seen that this rule may not infrequently prove an obstacle when all other circumstances are favourable. The maiden selected, and her father's consent obtained, her horoscope and that of the bridegroom-elect must be submitted to one of the blind astrologers in order that he may declare whether the union will be a fortunate one. The "pansu," or astrologer, is next invited to fix an auspicious day for the celebration of the marriage

*THE CEREMONY is conducted in a series of bows. Above the groom is seen saluting the priest. The bride bows four times to the groom's father and twice to the groom to signify consent. A document is then signed by both parties*

*THE EMBLEM OF CONJUGAL FIDELITY : The goose is borne ritually at the head of the bridal procession, which consists of the friends and relatives of the bride. Married men in Korea twist their hair into a top-knot instead of in a plait, while the bride secures her hair in a loose knot in which are thrust one or two silver pins. The bride goes to the bridegroom's house in a closed chair*

# ENGLAND'S *Idle* SHIPS: Give Them Something

MASTERLESS SHIPS: A scene in the Blackwater River where "the long line stretches away as far as the eye can reach"—A group of ships for which there is no cargo, for which there are no passengers, swinging at anchor on the ebb and the flow

WAITING: A stout ship riding at anchor—as "The Sphere's" Special Commissioner saw her last week

As we were leaving moorings borrowed for the night at Burnham, an old man passing in a dinghy asked us where we were going. We told him Tollesbury in the River Blackwater, if the August weather did not blow us into the Thames. He gave us a little fatherly advice. "If it's blowing hard use your engine. The river's cram full of big ships." We had not been in the Blackwater for two years, and we thought this was a good-natured "leg-pull." When we had rounded the corner opposite Mersea Island and were nearing Tollesbury we saw what he meant. It seemed almost like some sea mirage, a trick of the imagination. Grey sky, grey sea, and a long line of big sea-going ships grey in the dusk. Anchored side by side in what seemed in the half-light an unending line, silent as if utterly deserted, standing high out of the water with the emptiness of their holds, funnels smokeless, unlighted save for their riding lights, and here and there a tiny light winking from a port-hole or deck-house. It seemed as if we had come to some ghostly anchorage of lost ships.

In the morning it was possible to see them more clearly, and we counted forty-three ships laid up in the Blackwater. Liners, passenger-cum-cargo ships, colliers, wheat-carriers, ships from the Australian wool trade, ships whose sides bore the marks of the iron ore they had carried, ships representative of almost every branch of sea-borne trade—all ships of over 1,000 tons, their funnels bearing the marks of a dozen well-known lines. The total tonnage of these ships laid up in the Blackwater to-day is well over 165,000, representing hundreds of thousands of pounds of capital, waiting day after day for the cargo and passengers that never come. It was an eerie experience to go on board some of these ships, to walk through deserted saloons that have held hundreds of happy passengers, to peep into silent empty state-rooms where millionaires have slept, to stand on the boat deck where lovers go on all sea voyages to watch the moon silvering the sea; to go into silent engine-rooms, to see the cold furnaces, the deserted galleys and empty store-rooms, to look down into cargo holds that echo and re-echo emptily to your voice. There is something indescribably tragic about a deserted ship, the same tragedy that one senses in the un-peopled Palace of Versailles with its empty gardens.

All round our coasts in the rivers and anchorages known so well to yachting folk are to be seen the same lines of idle ships. At Fowey we counted nine ships, in the Fal off Falmouth and Truro over seventy, at Dartmouth thirty-five, at Bideford twelve, at Plymouth eight. As you come into Southampton you must pass a line of ten ships, and the Itchen has its full complement of unused yachts. But these are but a small quota of the laid-up shipping of the greatest maritime nation of the world. These yachting anchorages are used because other places are full. The figures of the big shipping ports tell the rest of the story.

According to figures issued recently there are 743 British ships laid up in the ports round our coasts, representing nearly 3¼ million gross tons, or about 4¾ million dead-weight tons. This is more than double the number of ships laid up in July, 1930. That fact alone speaks volumes for the decline in world trade. Nor do these figures include British shipping laid up in foreign ports. In Antwerp not long ago I saw over sixty idle ships in the new harbour, and not a few of them bore British names. No big port is without its quota of silent, smokeless ships, peopled only by skeleton crews and a few watchmen. Between twenty and thirty in the London river and docks, nearly thirty at Cardiff (mostly colliers), nearly

SHIPS LARGE AND SMALL: Some of the vessels are of considerable tonnage and are familiar figures in the ports of the Empire. Liner RI passenger-cum-cargo ships, colliers, wheat carriers, wool traders, ships in the iron trade—all combine to compose the hideous tale of idle ves in the harbours and moorings of the world

# to Carry : A Special "Sphere" Commissioner's Impressions, Recorded by Pen and Camera, of one of the most Touching Aspects of Our Trade Depression

IN THE BLACKWATER : The only voyage these fine ships can make is to swing round with the turn of the tide. Many of these vessels fly the flag of well-known lines—at the moment they are, perforce, lying idle

forty at Liverpool, over 120 at Newcastle, nearly a quarter of a million tons of shipping; at Sunderland thirty-six, at Gareloch in Scotland over forty. Even at places like Bowling, Douglas, and Weymouth there is an idle coaster or so, and in Milford Haven, where the Navy used to spend happy summer days, there are twenty ships. In idle factories, queues outside labour exchanges, in statistics, and the Board of Trade Returns, we have learned the bitterness of trade depression and the world-wide economic crisis. As a sea-going nation, as the carriers of the world, we have the additional bitterness of our idle ships. A column of figures, evidence of our adverse trade balance, is an impersonal thing. A line of silent, empty ships is a thing that is all too real, impressing itself unforgettably on the memory.

What of the officers and men that used to man these ships? They are, to use their own term, "on the beach." A few of the lucky ones have been found shore-going jobs, the rest just waiting at the docks in London, Liverpool, Southampton, and elsewhere on the chance of getting a ship. Bare statistics show that over 35 per cent., about 45,000, of what the Ministry of Labour call "the insured workpeople in the shipping service," are unemployed. But that figure does not tell the whole story. Junior merchant officers are included in this figure, and they can get relief from the National Insurance Fund. Senior officers, captains, navigating and engineering officers do not come within its scope, and they can look for no assistance from the State.

There are over 1,000 members of the Merchant Navy Officers' Federation, a body representative of officers in the Merchant Service who are out of employment, and it is believed that there is a larger number of non-federated unemployed officers. To use the words of the Federation, their position is "deplorable."

Not long ago a man collapsed in the street near St. Paul's Cathedral, exhausted in his search for employment. That man was a Master Mariner. There are others who hold Masters' tickets living in homes for the destitute in London, searching for what seamen call, in their fine tradition, "honourable employment." Some unemployed officers have found jobs of a kind on shore. One Master Mariner, decorated by his King for War service, is glad to earn a little from time to time shifting scenery. In the day-time he sells newspapers. There are other officers to whom maybe we owe the safe transit of ourselves across the sea, men who brought us our food in those dark War days, who are cleaning windows, working as waiters, and selling goods from door to door. There are a considerable number of officers who have signed on in the forecastle as ordinary seamen, and there are at least two ships which are manned on deck entirely by certificated officers.

Visiting the empty ships in the Blackwater we found several officers doing the jobs of watchmen, lighting the riding lights, and greasing the engines of ships they have taken through the Seven Seas. They consider themselves the lucky ones. For the others, silent and uncomplaining as is their wont, there is no unemployment benefit, only the charity of their friends.

There are some who say that this state of affairs means that Britain's day as a maritime nation has passed. In fact there is no evidence to support such an assertion. The officers and men of our Merchant Navy are the finest in the world. Their tradition, their courage, and their seamanship are second to none. Our ships, be they great liners doing the Atlantic trip, Newcastle colliers bucketting their way across the North Sea in a gale, or meat boats from the Plate, are the best carriers in all the seas. When the tide turns our ships and men will be ready. The salt of the sea is in our blood; not all the depression in the world will ever wash it out.

J. B. W.

RIDING HIGH : The fashion in which the idle ships ride high out of the water testifies to the emptiness of their holds. Their smoke stacks flaunt no plume of sable, their ports are blank, their cabins void. Only skeleton crews and riding lights, memory and hope preserve the semblance of life aboard these unhappy vessels, whose corridors and hatchways echo only the lap of the tide

# LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on WORLD AFFAIRS

## A Caustic Causerie on Matters of International Interest

*ETHIOPIA'S CONSTITUTION SIGNED: Ras Gugsa, Ras Hailu, Ras Khasa, and Ras Kapada, four of the great potentates of Abyssinia, caught outside the throne room at Addis Ababa after the impressive ceremony that marked the signature of the new Constitution — one of the many modernizing developments inaugurated by Ras Tafari*

**THE FAILURE OF PAPER INSTRUMENTS.**—The League of Nations did not prevent the Japanese-Chinese conflict in Manchuria. Neither did its twin "war-preventor," the Kellogg Pact. The utter impotency and failure of the covenant and pact—in this case apparently "scraps of paper"—confirm all that I have written from time to time in these columns, pointing out that neither the League nor the Kellogg Pact are guarantees against war, nor preventors of invasion by aggression, and no insurance that conflicts, which have already broken out can or will be settled by the League on a basis of equity and justice.

We do not yet know the respective merits of each side in the conflict. What we do know (and it will be difficult for Japan to explain it away to an impartial and fair-minded world public opinion) is that at a time when China was suffering from the greatest human catastrophe since the War—hundreds of thousands drowned and millions starving from the Yangtse Valley deluge—Japan attacked Manchuria.

At this distance, and making due allowance for Chinese propaganda, of which I have had personal experience in China, this sudden Japanese military action assumes an aspect of aggression. Japan did not inform the League of Nations in advance of her intention as, under covenant and the Kellogg Pact, might reasonably have been expected. It reminds me of the Russian invasion of Northern Manchuria. In that case China did offer serious provocation, which has always remained inexplicable as to motives and wire-pullers. Moreover, Russia is not a member of the League.

That up to this writing, the League has been rebuffed, shown little energetic initiative, has floundered about, although the Assembly was in session, and that Washington with its Kellogg Pact, has done just as little, is scarcely deniable. It has been a severe shock to those idealists so exalted and unrealistic as to believe that we have already attained that spiritual and cultural stage where such instruments of paper suffice to protect nations, and guarantee security and peace.

The Manchurian situation convincingly shows once again that national prestige, political influence, respect of other nations, is still largely based on military power. Dr. Sze, Chinese Minister in London, China's chief delegate in Geneva, shouted loud and long for League intervention. It was obvious that none of the big powers in the League Council wanted to offend Japan. Germany leaned back. France, on very intimate terms of friendship with Japan, and herself believer in a strong policy, has no desire to offend Tokio. Britain, a former naval pact ally of Japan, has enough problems of her own in India, Egypt, and at home at the moment. There is not the slightest disposition in America to create an American-Japanese crisis by exerting strong pressure.

China is big—the largest nation in the world—but lacks the spirit and the metallic nervous system of communication and transportation essential to unity, is unwieldy, and largely inarticulate—the world's greatest Colossus, but one that is not yet to be feared, therefore not courted, except for trade.

**THE GOLD FLAG.**—"England expects that every man will do his duty." Nelson's historic Order of the Day at the opening of the battle of Trafalgar stands once again as the Order of the Day for all Britain. To it, however, I would like to add, ". . . and every woman," because the struggle that has so dramatically begun for us in the last days—for many who could not, others who would not, see the trend of times and things at home and abroad—is no less for England's glory, prestige, and place in the world, than was the great naval battle in which Nelson shattered his country's foes.

In the economic and financial struggle upon which we are now engaged, dramatized world-wide by the sudden striking of the sterling flag of our gold standard, British women will be called upon to play a major rôle by the side of the men, though the latter are not always ready to recognize that. Even in England, though possibly not to the same extent as in America, France, Germany, or the Scandinavian countries, the channel of home economics, expenditures, and savings in many millions of families, does largely run through the hands of the women. No one more than they these days, are compelled to trim their little budgets to conform to new taxes, income, earnings, and rise in prices. In addition, they now have the vote, and can directly influence the political course of the country to the same degree as the men. In that, too, England expects every woman to do her duty at the coming election.

The unity of the Press is awakening, and rallying the nation during the first days of the dramatic events of Britain's hauling down the gold standard monetary flag before all the world was admirable, reassuring, even inspiring. Quickness of decision by the Government, promptness and speed with which Parliament acted, confidence, and self-disciplined calm of the nation revealed the spirit of Old England very much alive. Despite gloom and depression there was a thrill in the manner in which everything "clicked."

Over the rather exaggerated promises by a portion of the Press of an immediate new era of prosperity I cannot be so enthusiastic. I question the wisdom of raising exaggerated hopes which can lead to disappointment and, in turn, to loss of confidence.

There is ahead of us a long pull, a hard pull, and a pull all together to win. We cannot overnight sail into a sunny sea of sound prosperity on the breeze of a depreciated currency. Certainly not so long as our pound sterling has no stable value, fluctuates day by day, and is the object of international financial gamble, manipulation, and exploitation. The French franc is worth only 2d., one-tenth of its pre-War value. But it is stable. You know to-day what it is going to be worth to-morrow and the next day. The sooner our pound sterling is stabilised at whatever figure the wisdom of government, economists, and financial experts may agree is best in the interests of the Empire the sooner we can see more clearly ahead to genuine prosperity.

**STERLING RAMIFICATIONS.**—"I live in England. I don't want to go abroad. What do I care what the pound is worth in other countries?" I hear much these days, even from intelligent people. These do not understand that inflation brings a rise in prices, which means increased cost of living. Even if, as Mr. Snowden tells us, "the worst that can happen is a rise in prices," that "worst" can be bad enough for the many who have a fixed income, or earnings that do not stretch to meet decreased buying power of our money, even at home.

On the other hand, I cannot believe that all the genius of world-banking, for generations centred in London, can suddenly have departed from us and incarnated exclusively in Paris.

Just as the Union Jack is lowered at sunset and hoisted again at sunrise, so the striking of our gold-sterling flag may have behind it motives, purpose, and aim that will reveal themselves in the coming months. It is no consolation, but interesting, to observe that even France is not immune from our own crisis. At this writing it seems that the Lyons silk industry stands to lose about 120,000,000 francs by the depreciation of our sterling and that, even the Bank of France is being made to feel that in this day of so closely intertwined economics, adversity in one country does not necessarily mean prosperity in another.

In the long history of England, our country has passed through more than one severe crisis. And Britain will pass successfully through this one too. But let us have as little self-deception about ourselves, and others, as possible.

**STERLING ABROAD.**—Adversity of others does not always provoke the Christian reaction we are encouraged to believe, even in the most Christian countries. It has recently been the turn of British tourists and travellers in Switzerland, France, and elsewhere on the Continent to learn that the misfortune of one people can, and often does, bring out the selfishness of another. Many British on the Riviera, in Paris, Belgium, Switzerland, for instance, with their pound sterling had a taste of what the Germans with their marks suffered outside the borders of their country in June and July.

Britons had their sterling notes treated with something akin to contempt—in a few cases rejected, in many cases only accepted at an outrageously low rate of exchange. Many will not soon forget their experience, the inclination to take advantage of them, and the absence of a disposition towards helpfulness or show of friendliness. The fewest complaints of such treatment have come from Italy and Germany.

Empty hotels in the winter resorts of Switzerland and on the Riviera this coming winter will be mute testimony to the absence of many thousands of Britons. Egypt, the Canary Islands, and Madeira, even South Africa and the British West Indies farther afield may, with reasonable steamer and hotel rates, reap the benefits.

**"WHOOPEE!"**—A vivid, if rather startling impression of Uncle Sam's Young Ladies making innocent whoopee was presented to me the other day in a letter from a college-girl acquaintance in Long Island. She decided not to have a nineteenth birthdayparty because "parties mean cigarette holes in the best lace tablecloth, a couple of lamps upset by feet catching in cords from the floor plugs, marks on the piano from saucers of melting ice-cream, the clock out of kilter because somebody had tried to set back the chime, perfume spilled on dresser-tops, and talcum trampled into the bedroom carpet, the seat of a chair broken because somebody had climbed on to it to make a speech, and mayonnaise stains on the wall-paper where chicken sandwiches had been hurled as missiles. To say nothing of neighbours calling up steadily from midnight to three about the racket."

*A CIVILIAN GOOSE-STEP AT "EYES RIGHT": Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria takes the march past of all the former cadets of the former Bavarian Military School at Munich on the occasion of the institution's 175th anniversary. Middle-aged men in bowlers and toppers proved that their early training still persists*

# The SURVEY of the SPHERE

## News Events from Distant Lands

*LOCUST PLAGUE IN THE ARGENTINE: Myriads of the insects fatal to vegetation diverted into tracks by means of canvas screens lying in a deep pit. Zinc plates overhang the pit to prevent their escape, and when the pit is full paraffin or petrol is poured in and they are set on fire*

*THE EAR OF DIONYSIUS: The amazing natural phenomenon improved artificially at Syracuse, the acoustic properties of which are fantastic. Miss Margery Lawrence, the novelist, sang in it recently. Her powerful contralto sounded like an organ. This cave used to be employed as a prison and over it the palace of Dionysius was built*

*TO ITALY'S AIR ACE: The monument unveiled the other day by Signor Italo Balbo, the Italian Air Minister, to the memory of Major Francesco Baracca. This distinguished officer accounted for no fewer than thirty-four enemy aircraft and was decorated with one gold and three silver medals. He fell in the June of 1918 when using his machine-gun at close range. The statue was executed by Silvio Monfrini. Local Fascist organizations attended in force*

*A NATIVE "BUTTERFLY": Miss Agnes Yoshiko Miyakawa, who sang the role of "Butterfly" in Paris with great distinction, has returned to Japan. On her arrival at Tokio she visited the slums and distributed parcels of food to the unemployed at the Hamazono-cho, Fukagawa*

NAPOLEON—1931: Premier Laval—whose Napoleonic quiff is here seen plastered into place—who is at the head of a France more internationally powerful, more militarily formidable, and more financially supreme to-day than on any previous occasion since 1812

# NOT *Since* BONAPARTE

## A Frank Review of France in 1931—Her Strengths and Her Weaknesses, Her Past Triumphs and Future Difficulties

**By FERDINAND TUOHY**

The spectacle of France in possession of the field is one worth all our attention, for it is a page that will endure in European history. France has had to wait 120 years for to-day and, if she be dictatorial and full of herself, think of the pallid interval which this self-glorifying race has had to contend with. The amused foreign contemplation of the Gavarni period of her last three monarchs, the *bravura* effort under Louis Napoléon ending in the ignominy of Sedan, the noisy rearing of the Third Republic, conducting to the triple crown of Panama, Dreyfus, and Fashoda, the German dismissal of Delcassé. Puffs of glory now and then—Algeria, Magenta, and Solferino, the later colonial empire of Jules Ferry, but leagues from the real thing. Not even victory in 1918 brought this. At first the nation would have been engulfed but for England, and at the last it was saved by the United States. And ever since, until the other day, one or other of this couple hampered France, barred the way. She had to get out of the Ruhr, she had to leave the Rhine. Up to a few brief months ago France was still a thwarted country. Behold her now more powerful and influential than at any time since 1812.

Let us look at the Republic in its big hour. What have been the converging causes of its crescendo uplifting, of such exclusive blessing of a people when all about are want and unrest? Here are some causes:

France is the most favoured nation by Mother Earth, having to import practically nothing of necessity, while industry—fatal pitfall for others—is, with her, much of a luxury, as it has come to be intensified since the War.

France has received £1,000,000,000 from Germany, while the devastation of her provinces was economically a godsend in that they were all re-established with the newest plant. Reparation trains of goods in kind have not ceased entering the country day and night, such raw material enabling vast development.

France has scored greatly as a luxury exporter in an interlude when the world was luxury-mad, and her tourist industry mounted to be the fourth in the land.

France has avoided War debt repayment to former Allies save in tiny quantities; she has been absolved from immense sums, such as £237,000,000 by ourselves, and she devalorized the franc to a point corresponding to a 4s. £, thereby vastly reducing internal indebtedness and gaining big markets.

From 1926 on the French have shown great public economy which, wedded to their private thrift, filled the coffers while others only drained these. Prudence, hard work, a minimum of social disturbance, have added their share.

Scientific protection for farmer and manufacturer, and a sapient use of alien labour, indrawing and distancing this according to requirements; very cheap labour, moreover. Strict embargo on job-taking aliens.

Sound investing abroad to the tune of £160,000,000 now paying from 6 to 7 per cent. interest.

Temporary success of the thesis of life by logic and system as opposed to the conception of life by faith, hazard, and morality; success of French fixity in eddying times. France set one course from the outset, and followed it through while others were prodigal of their substance, chasing this way and that. The Treaty, the whole Treaty, and nothing but the Treaty. Hymns may have swelled from Briand's organ. Paris followed through—and with a felicitous blending of nineteenth and twentieth century diplomacy as represented by the circle of defensive alliances and the subtle blending of the League of Nations to the end that it should become much of an instrument of Versailles.

Maintenance of an armed force giving complete security to industrialists, business men, peasantry, while at the same time tending to keep surrounding countries correspondingly unsettled, and therefore unable to recover lost ground and compete.

Odd that the man on top in this potent France should have a Napoleonic quiff! From Pierre Laval's swarthy brow it refuses to be brushed. Laval is Mussolini's age, and thirty and more years ago was peddling behind a cart, with his father, in the Auvergne. All manner of things the Lavals sold, and they were liked, and the village priests used to point out the young Laval as he passed, deep in a book as he walked by the cart, and say, "There's someone to model yourself on!" Now here is this boy peddler the first to be able to talk on an absolute parity with the post-War United States.

No less odd, perhaps, that the country of classic revolution, of Voltairean new paths, should now be known as the land of immobility, of clinging to what is.

What usage will France make of her surprising sudden power? Straddle Europe with a *Pax Gallicana*, blind to such shafts as the German "we must prepare to accept the inevitable for an interminable temporary period"? Or dare to show moderation? We are all asking. At least none of us can ever complain that we've lived in flat times; we look like being studied in the hereafter as we ourselves studied the Napoleonic Wars.

I think it can be said that there is not the slightest chance of France losing her head. She won the War in 1931 (this year's *mot courant* at Geneva), and she will proceed on the same lines which brought the stunning return. In the forefront, her famous trio: Security, Arbitration, Disarmament. And, note well, none ever to say how much another nation shall disarm, the Treaty having inexplicitly left that to the disarming nation itself. A mountain range, says logical France, can mean an army corps. At the Disarmament Conference France intends to "pose a new situation" by making a concrete offer, with her friends, to place an armed quota at the service of the League.

Yet bayonets are not monopolizing attention in Paris to-day but bullion, the £500,000,000 reposing in gold bars ten yards from the Avenue de l'Opéra. The clearest duty has been ascribed to this metal. It is to take the place of Napoleon's cannon. That very dollar dictatorship against which France rebelled she is now attempting to set in motion herself with the triumphant "tuppenny franc," under the guise of pacifying and restoring work and confidence in Europe, while assuring security for herself in the process. Hungary and Austria are said to be on the point of responding to the golden magnet, as Poland and the Little Entente have done for years, but the main objective is to come to an industrial cartel and trade agreement with Germany—almost an *Anschluss!*—which shall have the effect, indirectly, of shearing that would-be Samson for ten, fifteen, or even twenty years—Laval likes limited objectives. Paris says, in as many words, "We're ready to be as accommodating as you wish provided everything we do strengthens the territorial clauses of the Versailles Treaty. Otherwise we shall let you stew in your own juice!"

Nor does the drama lose in quality for the fact of a rapid solution being imperative. Things cannot go dangling on. France, on her own account, cannot suffer them to. If she be the securest thing physically this side of Paradise, that cardinal index of trouble ahead, a defaulting commercial balance, is in her case assuming deadly proportions. A few months from now, with her untouchable franc, and the economic structure may have also gone "frozen," like that gold. France is already sick, and realizes that she is going to be sicker. It is a patient, too, that is laying down the law for us other patients. The people are not taken in. The word *crise* has long been on every lip, and now the £ has capped things.

The mass of French people are beginning to cast no friendly look at that frozen gold. What did it avail the Americans? Ten million unemployed! Finance Minister Flandin may walk abroad as Aladdin. The people mutter: "Les affaires marchent mal et ils vont être pire." It should be added, in parenthesis, that these French people have as much use for military adventure as we have. (Which is hardly to be wondered at considering their lucky and shielded situation.) However, they will not be able to have their say until the General Election next May, and pending then the water is going to flow fast under the Pont de l'Alma. You will hear it freely said that "the present lot"—Tardieu, Flandin, Maginot, co-ordinated by Laval—are going to be flung right out for having isolated France, made affairs go badly, and thought in terms of war, or at least been the tools of the big industrialists; and that such men of the Left as Boncour and Blum are coming into their own (and we must not forget that Poincaré was ejected in 1924 in not dissimilar circumstances), but the point is that we are eight months distant from May.

In this surprising hour of hers there is one in France who is bigger than Napoleon Laval: the big industrialist from whom depend in turn the bulk of the banks and the Press and the militarist party (the lack of independence of French journalists is a heavy circumstance). So avid are the industrialists for fresh markets, in view of sure and certain falling away, that twelve chosen leaders recently prayed the Commerce Minister, M. Rollin, to step in where America has in some measure stepped out for lack of payment, and help on the Five Year Plan.

I do not seek to dramatize (it would be painting the lily these times), but, while every possible effort is certain to be made by the Government to bring off its painless cartel deals round Europe—and the belief is that such is the situation, others will now be less disinclined to coalesce—it is well known that a powerful industrial group, should things turn really bad economically, are for resuming the Ruhr "organization" where it was left off in 1925 and with England out of the way this time. Advocates of this cutting short of "useless parleying" say that legal excuse would be easy; Germany is bound to default under something or turn to civil war.

In passing, the militarist party is no *cliché*. It is there, and everybody knows it. Particularly does it thrill at thought of the second and main duty which could fall to France's magnificent armed might in certain eventualities. This goes by the term, "relieving the eastern frontier" (Poland), and is part of the *raison d'être* of the famous French fortifications. It is perfectly well known that Germany would never again batter in the West, under any circumstances. She would go east and south-east. At first sign of this, Weygand would man the fortifications with a small force of highly-trained technicians and, leaving the *patrie* behind him entirely invasion-proof, would proceed on a high-speed occupation of strategical points in Germany, thereby relieving the Poles.

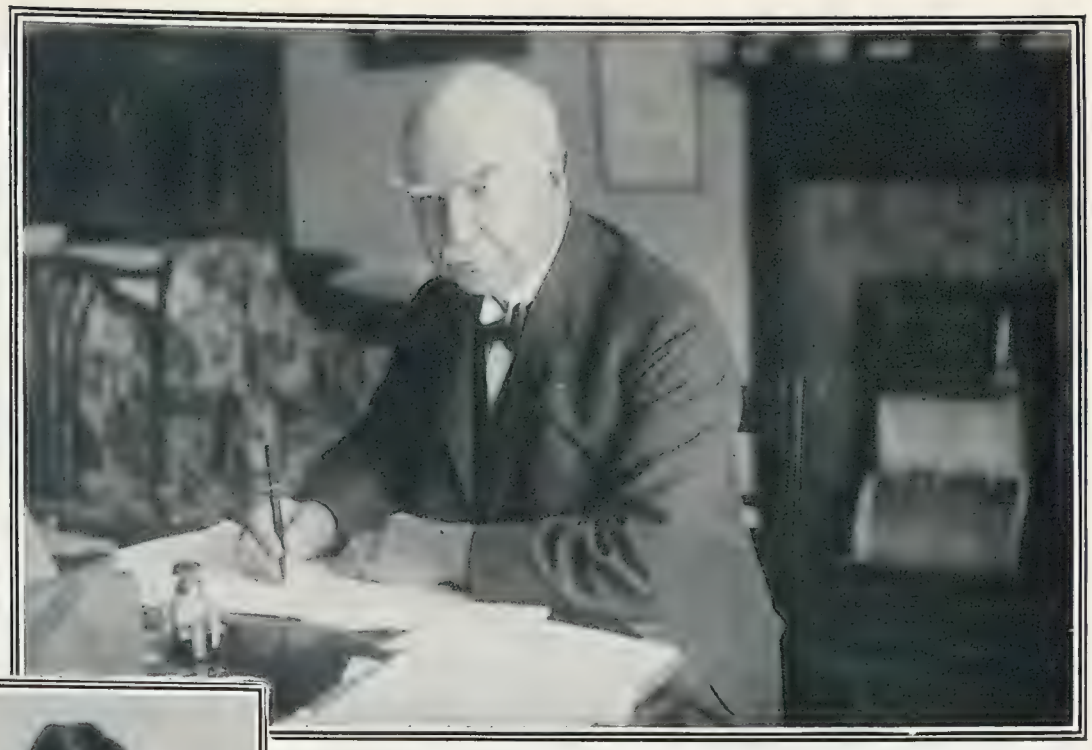
A feature is that a minimum of reserves would require to be called up from civil life, it being so that men are saying all over the country, "The next war will be fought without me." Certainly it would be hard to get the average conscript to leave his native soil. Still, this is not current politics. Something akin to the Ruhr may be, and it is to be noted that influential France does not share the view that a discreet display of force would mean "the end of western civilization"; rather should the appearance of the gendarme do good. It is even the view, the way Europe is drifting, that the advantage of having somebody authoritative on hand cannot lightly be overlooked by certain foreign Powers.

Meanwhile, what a spectacle is this tails up Paris! So proud of its *trésor*, so sure that everything French is righter than ever in the past, depicting the world beyond as a collection of beggars, a thrilling Colonial Empire out of Vincennes, even Hoover beholden unto the Republic! On the surface it is wonderful. Only when Frenchmen reflect that so much emanates from the frustration of others, that ideals are not bought with gold, but will go secretly on, are they apt to set down the *apéritif* and gaze before them.

# MEN *of* MARK

## Distinguished Figures in the Public Eye

AN ETONIAN AIRMAN: Mr. W. H. Rhodes-Moorhouse, the son of the first pilot to win the V.C., has achieved his pilot's certificate at the age of seventeen. He has already flown 8,000 miles. His mother (with whom he is seen above) is also a distinguished aeronaut



THE PRESIDENT-ELECT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION: A new portrait of Sir Alfred Ewing, who, at the age of seventy-six, succeeds General Smuts. He has achieved notable distinction in cryptography. He served in the Admiralty during the War, and it was he, working in Room 40 of the Admiralty Building, who decoded the Zimmerman message that brought the U.S.A. into the War. His presidential address to the Engineering Section incorporated the Bramwell Trust Lecture. Bramwell at the 1881 meeting stated the thesis that the steam engine would rapidly decline in importance in favour of the gas engine and set aside a sum to enable a lecturer fifty years thence to speak on the truth of his prophecy. Sir Alfred demonstrated that steam still held its own in the realm of major power—the great turbine-driven steamships, etc. Even oil-burning ships are steamships. Though the petrol-engine was unknown in Bramwell's day, his vision has been largely fulfilled by the rise of motors and aeroplanes

THE HEIR OF THE VICEROY: Viscount Ratendone, the son of Lord Willingdon, one of the greatest of British pro-Consuls, who has been Governor of Bombay, Madras, and Governor-General of Canada

BRITAIN'S YOUNGEST CAMERA-MAN: Christopher, the son of Mr. Adrian Brunel, the producer, is now 11 and has been working as assistant camera-man since he was 4!

THE ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL: Mr. H. Graham White, who succeeds Mr. S. P. Viant, J.P., M.P., in this important post, caught by the camera at his desk upon assuming his appointment. The P.M.G. is Mr. Ormsby-Gore, who succeeded to Mr. Lees-Smith

DISMISS: Mr. R. L. Weaver, head gardener of the Royal Botanic Gardens, which are soon to close unless reprieved. It was Mr. Weaver who turned the kitchen garden into tennis courts, helped to make the 1,000 plant dahlia border, and had in his care the giant water lily

HIS WORK ACCOMPLISHED: Viscount Byng of Vimy, whose brilliant war record included the command of the 3rd Cavalry Division, the Cavalry Corps, the 9th Army Corps, the 17th Army Corps, the Canadian Corps, and the 3rd Army. Under his command the first tanks went into action. He was called up from his retirement, after his Governor-Generalship of Canada, to become Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police and tighten up discipline—a task he has accomplished and which he is now laying down. Lord Byng is seen leaving Scotland Yard

# LAKELAND and its Rock-Climbing Season

By G. D. ABRAHAM

"We've been hitting the high spots in this little island, and these Lakeland crags of yours beat all. Hats off to those who first scraped the moss off them!" Thus spake some American crags-men just down from Scawfell Pinnacle, their last day after spending a wandering holiday on various British mountains. Undoubtedly the highest and safest development of the rock-climbing sport has matured on the heights of the English Lake District. The comparative soundness and cleanness of the crags are remarkable considering the slight elevation, and again another season has passed with few accidents and only one fatality. Many of the rock routes conquered are of desperate difficulty; they appear to verge on impossibility and to some, foolhardy in the extreme. At the moment one of the grim bastions on the Wastdale front o Great Gable is being attacked as a new route, and so far it has held the upper hand. The crucial point occurs where, above hundreds of feet of nothingness, a fearsomely vertical, smooth stretch has defied the leader. The plan now is to affix the second climber to this *mauvais pas* by suction or, more probably, by tying him against it on a slight projection. Then, the leader, fortunately not shod in big nailed boots, but in rubbers, will climb up the human ladder. Finally, to prove that two heads are better than one, he will stand on that of the second, and thus grasp ulterior handholds otherwise beyond human reach.

This method has been frequently used, and the pioneer ascents of many famous routes fairly often used during the present season were made by intricate combined tactics. The notorious Central Buttress Climb on Scawfell, probably the hardest course in Britain, has been negotiated at least three times this year, and the complicated dual climbing and rope-hitching have been avoided by one party. Instead of dangling over space and crunching the cranium of the down-trodden second, the leader was able to overcome the nerve-and muscle-testing upper part almost unaided. Rumour asserts that a detached piece of rock has revealed a new tiny handhold for upstretched fingers—a slight dividing line between this world and the next. There has been at least one miraculous escape here—Providence can be tempted too much.

The present season has seen practically no new routes of real importance made in Lakeland—at least none of any consecutive length. The ultra modern practice of making a more or less horizontal traverse across the face of some great cliff has been developed on the Pillar Rock. Yorkshiremen figure loftily in most sports, and in the loftiest of all their Rucksack Club has again asserted itself. At the end of May, Messrs. Linnell, Bridge, and Hargreaves performed thrilling feats in making a seven-hour expedition across the Pillar face. They started from the foot of West Jordan Gully on the south-west front of the rock, and finished finally on the south-east side above the huge rift of Walker's Gully.

Sections of many of the known climbs were used in the intricate passages, many of extreme difficulty, the hardest of all being the exposed crossing and descent of the impending front of the Low Mass between the upper part of the North-west Climb and the "Nose." This latter projection is familiar to many tourists who enjoy the splendid North Climb on the Pillar Rock. This year their number must have been legion. One party at least will remember it well. Under wintry conditions they became benighted below the "Nose," and spent a bad night, to put it mildly. They escaped next day, frozen and dazed and very hungry. It is said that even the candle in their Alpine lantern was nibbled!

In no previous year have the mountains of Lakeland been so downtrodden by man—and woman too. Many of the army of hikers have developed into rock climbers. From all corners of the world they come. Three Japanese experts started on their skyward career by reading an English book on British climbs, and in May came to England and ascended some of the exceptionally severe routes. The very day they climbed the Needle on Great Gable two young Malayans celebrated their honeymoon by reaching the top of the famous rock. They conquered it barefoot. Thus only, they said, could they find foothold on the smooth crowning boulder, which is becoming dangerously polished by heavy traffic.

The notice stuck up as a joke by two Germans, "Nailed boots *verboten*," has solid sense behind it. The old problem "How many angels can stand on the point of a needle?" was solved last June by four London girls. They climbed the Napes Needle and all together just managed to balance on the narrow tip, surely a record in rashness, for next day they learned that the poised summit rock moves slightly. Its overbalancing under a very heavy load is not unlikely.

Another remarkable record was made by the well-known mountaineer, Dr. Collier of Oxford, who, continuing his annual birthday feat, climbed the Pillar Rock early in June. The famous University doctor, an ex-President of the British Medical Association, and physician to the Prince of Wales when at Oxford, is in his seventy-sixth year.

Undoubtedly this season, when Lakeland has been favoured with better weather than the rest of England, Great Gable has been the most popular climbers' resort. The overcrowding on some of the favourite ridges has been almost dangerous. No police help can be expected, but next year some system of regulating the mountain traffic may be needed.

The great attractions of other and slightly more distant crags should be recognized. The fatal accident on Gwynne's Chimney on Pavey Ark scared many away from these splendid cliffs. This was a pure accident on an easy place after the real difficulty was overcome. Probably the leader made use of a loose handhold—it came away suddenly and, over-balancing, he fell backwards to crash on to Jack's Rake, 100 ft. below. The rope did not break as usually stated. It was held round a rock belay by the ill-fated leader's fiancée who was 60 ft. below. Her cool judgment saved further fall and also her own life.

And now the crowds have gone. Peaceful sunsets lighten the quiet crags of Great Gable where wild nature awaits the cleansing assault of wintry tumult. Sea-borne gales will shriek and splash amidst the cloud-swathed fastnesses of the fells, and the spring-cleaning will be complete ere man comes forth in force again to stir "the sleep that is among the lonely hills."

"THE NEVER-ENDING HILLS." By Arthur B. Mills

An exquisite study exhibited at the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition, Russell Square

# Walking and Climbing in the HIGHLANDS

By M. M. PARRY

The choice of exciting mountain country is endless from Cape Wrath in north-west Sutherland almost to the clamorous doors of Glasgow. Anyone with sound wind and stout shoes can climb Ben Nevis, for there is a rough track to the top, and the reward is many times worth the effort; there is no doubt that this is the giant of British mountains, 4,406 ft. above sea level. Every mountain has its own appeal and personality. On Ben Nevis supreme dignity is realized, whether from the western face where, if scudding storm and sunshine hold sway, Loch Linnhe may appear framed in silver clouds and apparently hanging in mid-air, with blue-black peaks breaking through the mist in all directions, or if the climber is standing at the edge of the north-east precipices on a serene evening, looking down a rock face that drops sheer for 2,000 ft. to the bed of the Allt a'Mhuilin (Burn of the Mill) far below.

To the motorist, glancing hurriedly from side to side as he makes for his goal through a Highland glen, the mountains yield no secrets. Their scale cannot be realized by the casual passer-by; only an initiate of those wild places can feel the thrill of intimacy as his eyes travel across the moors to the foothills, and beyond them to the corries and scree of the high tops.

To eyes accustomed to the gentle slopes of the South Downs where, on the skyline, people can look like giants and cattle take on absurd bulk, the foreground hills of a Scottish landscape seem easily attainable. But let a man leave the road to wander up those slopes and he soon becomes a tiny speck, and before he is half way up the supporting flanks of some mountain he is lost to sight from the roadway. Scottish mountains can be treacherous playgrounds for the unwary, their star turns being sudden storms, bitter cold, and the danger of their obliterating mists.

A sensible walker will take care to study the outlines of the mountain he is tackling; noting the streams and their direction towards out-leading glens, and the lie of dangerous scree and rock faces, and marking the long swinging line of a saddle that will lead him from the shale and crisp mosses of the summit down to the thick deer-grass at the headwaters of some guiding burn, so that if sudden mists swirl down on him he has some measure of knowledge to help him fumble out a line of retreat.

The island of Skye is the Mecca of rock climbers in Scotland. The Black Cuillin mountains are mainly composed of volcanic Gabbro, and offer pitch after pitch of ideal climbing surface—rough, firm, and unfriable. For the mere footslogger there are wonderful sea-lochs, inland lochs dammed by terminal moraines, to the East the peaks of the mainland, and to the West the blue shadow of the Outer Hebrides, and at the end of a strenuous day the comfort of Sligachan Hotel. On the mainland there are such inns as Clachaig or Kingshouse for the Glencoe Hills, the hotels of Fort William for Ben Nevis. Clunie Inn for the Glen Shiel peaks. Tomdown, Inchnadamp, Kinlochewe, Crianlarich, and a dozen others. Every mountain group has at least one little inn within reach, but not for the sybarite, for often these inns are of the simplest order; or the enterprising can find shelter and a kindly welcome in a shepherd's bothy or a keeper's cottage, these being shown on the Bartholomew half-inch maps which are accurate and delightful to consult. Unless a walker can take his holiday early in the season it is preferable to choose one of the mountain groups under sheep, for where they are in the heart of a deer forest or only accessible across a grouse moor, a certain amount of disturbance to game and friction with tenants and keepers is apt to occur and poison the serenity of an expedition.

These peaks of the West Highlands that leap up to jagged outlines from sea-level, in many cases little short of 4,000 ft., are in vivid contrast to the central range of the Cairngorms—a series of high plateaux, eroded into mountains—which from the west show long quiet lines, and seem at first glance meek and tame. Dangerous delusion of the novice—a sprained ankle, enveloping mists, lack of a compass, insufficiency of warm clothing or food and stimulants, and the utmost penalty may be exacted, so great are the distances from human help and habitation on the Cairngorm Mountains, acres and acres of whose summits are 4,000 ft. above the sea.

From the sides of this high range two lovely rivers are born, the royal Dee and the river Avon, whose waters are so clear that men have stepped into its deep pools, thinking to cross a shallow stream, and been drowned.

Dotterel and snow buntings nest on the stony, windswept wastes, and beside the melting snow of the slopes Silene Acaulis flowers in cushiony pink masses; who can withstand the first thrill of coming upon it in bloom?

The snows are late, lying on the Cairngorm tops, the range being at equi-distance from the East and West coasts. Those who wish to be in close touch with the Cairngorms should make their headquarters at the little village of Inverey beyond Braemar, or on the Western side of the range at Aviemore; but even from these places long stretches of moorland, often with narrow paths in the heather, or tracks through ancient forests, have to be crossed. A bicycle is a valuable asset.

In these storm-swept regions, where weather is very often the deciding factor in the success or failure of an expedition, the day to hope for is a coldish one with a north-west wind and occasional scudding showers. Time must also be taken into account; roughly about one hour to every three miles walking and about half-an-hour to every thousand feet of climbing should be allowed.

The climbing surfaces on the Cairngorms are not so reliable as those of the Skye mountains. The Cairngorm granites erode vertically and horizontally, leaving rounded edges that give poor hand- and foot-holds. But from the spectacular point of view this erosion is magnificent. The structure of the mountains has the semblance of superhuman architecture; huge blocks form natural pillars and architraves, which reach a climax of grandeur in Lochnagar (3,786 ft.), one of the Grampian chain, separated from the Cairngorms by the valley of the Dee, and surely in the first flight of gracefully lovely Scottish mountains.

The bibliography of Scottish mountains owes much of its riches to the Scottish Mountaineering Club, and those seeking exact knowledge as to routes, or romantic escape from work, should apply to the club for advice with regard to literature on this most fascinating subject.

ASCENT: A spectacular climb of one of the rocky summits towering above the Bieler Valley in the mountainous region near the frontier of Saxony and Czecho-Slovakia, known colloquially as "Saxon Switzerland"

ACHIEVEMENT: The party seen in the above picture on the summit of the stratified chimney—"silent (for lack of breath!) upon a peak *not* in Darien" but in Saxon Switzerland—a district productive of many thrilling ascents

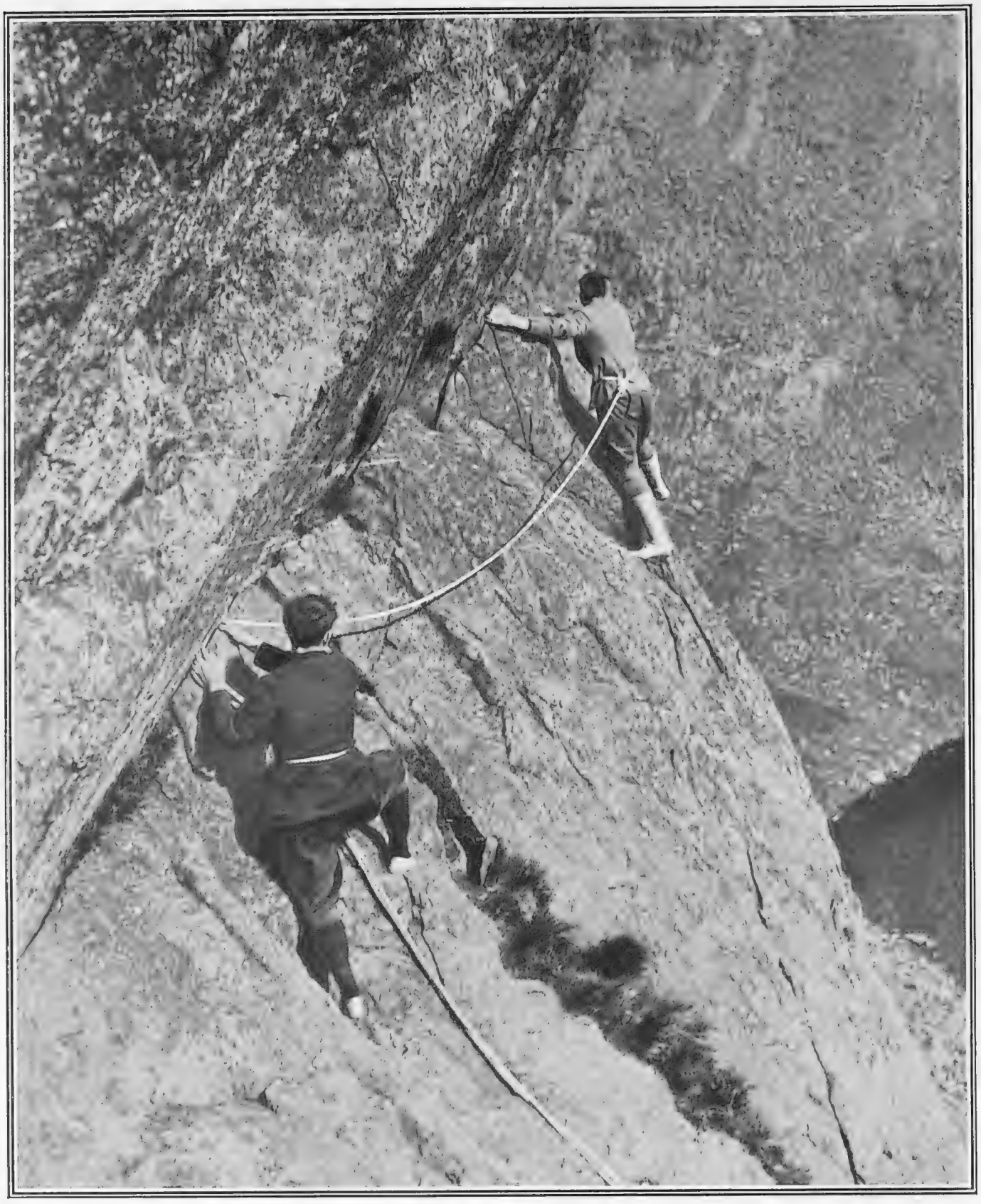
# ROCKY ASCENTS

THE "RISING GENERATION": Miss Pamela Wilkinson of Golders Green, who is only eleven years and four months, has just climbed Mont Blanc—Europe's highest mountain—and has thus beaten the record of Charles Stratton, son of a Chamonix guide, who, at 11½, climbed the giant in 1889

Three Unusual Pictures of Alpine Achievement. Further Views appear on pp. 58–9 and Notes on Climbing on p. 56

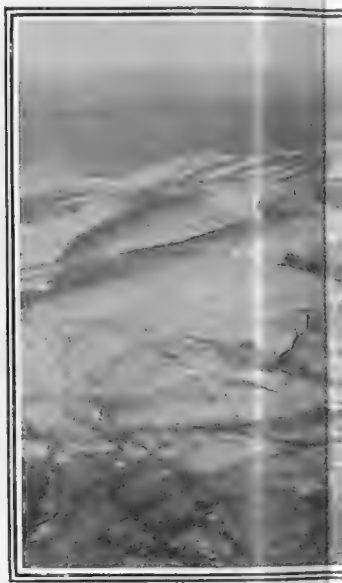
# ROCK-C

**Notes Relating**
**Season a**
**pp. 56**



ONE OF THE HARDEST CLIMBS IN THE WORLD: One of the trickiest pieces of rock climbing to negotiate in the Lake District is the Doe Crag Girdle Traverse, towering above Goatswater

"AT THE FOOT OF THE COOLI
F.R.P.S., of the great mountains
scenery in Great Britain. This
Salon of Photography, Pall Mall
even more tha



SYMP

IN THE WILDS OF WESTERN SCOTLAND: The top of the cattle pass on the way to Applecross, Ross-shire, where the road ends. This picture is unusual, for it is rarely possible to take a photograph from this point owing to the prevalence of clouds. It is a $7\frac{1}{2}$-mile climb and the road seen is the only route to the fishing village of Applecross

# -CLIMBING in Scotland and the Lake District

**ng to the Current**
**appear on**
**56 and 57**

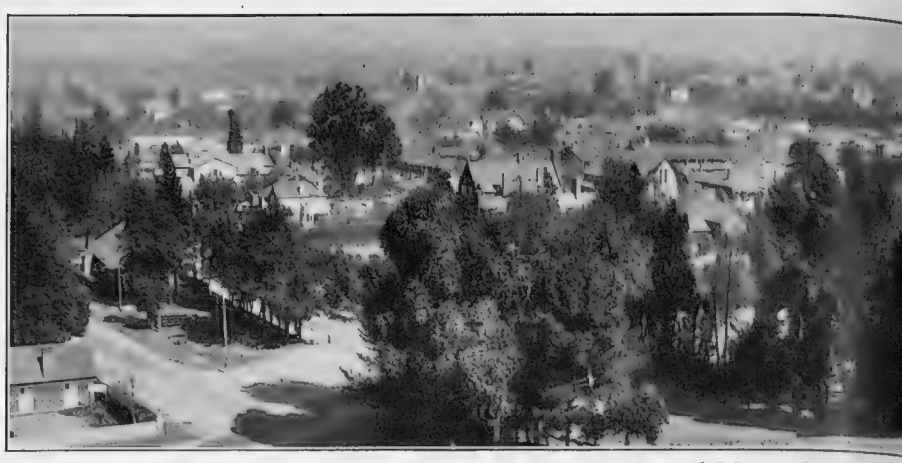
LLINS": A charming study by F. C. Boyes, ns of Skye—some of the most impressive is picture was exhibited in the London l East. The spelling of "Coollins" varies han that of Shakespeare!

MPHONY IN WHITE: Clouds and snow scenes glimpsed on the summits of the Lead Hills, Ayrshire. This picture was taken at 3,500 ft., 1,000 ft. above the topmost of the hills which tower but 2,500 ft. above the sea

ON THE EAGLE'S NEST RIDGE GREAT GABLE: One of the finest ridge climbs in all Cumberland

# JOHANNESBURG: The

*THE AFTERMATH OF WEALTH: A view of the "tail" dumps of the Rand Mines taken from the top of "Corner House"—nominally the tallest buildings in Johannesburg*



*THE FORTY YEARS' PHOENIX: A panoramic view of Johannesburg, which to those in America so vividly described by Bret Harte. To-day it is an imposing in the world, for it is from the Rand that most*

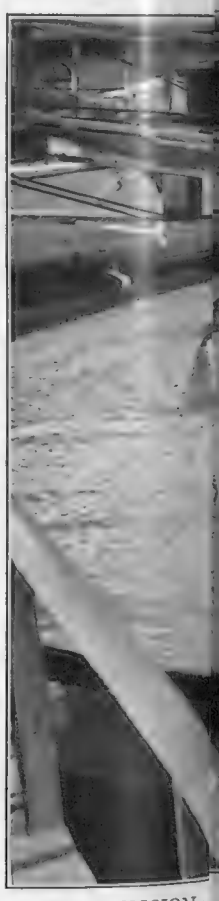
*TRANSPORT: The tramway system in Market Square. There is about Johannesburg a slight atmosphere of Wembley and all the impermanence associated with modernity*

*THE LAW COURTS: The architecture of this edifice recalls a mixture of Grant's Tomb, New York, and Bush House, London—a fittingly modern composite*

*CYLINDERS OF WEALTH: The great grinders that reduce the crushed gold-bearing quartz to a powder. After this process the powder undergoes extraction by cyanide*

*THE CYANIDE PROCESS: An overhead view of the tanks in which the ore is placed after crushing and washing*

*FILLED WITH "TAILINGS": A cyanide tank full of the ore from which all gold has been extracted*



*IN SUSPENSION: the bottom*

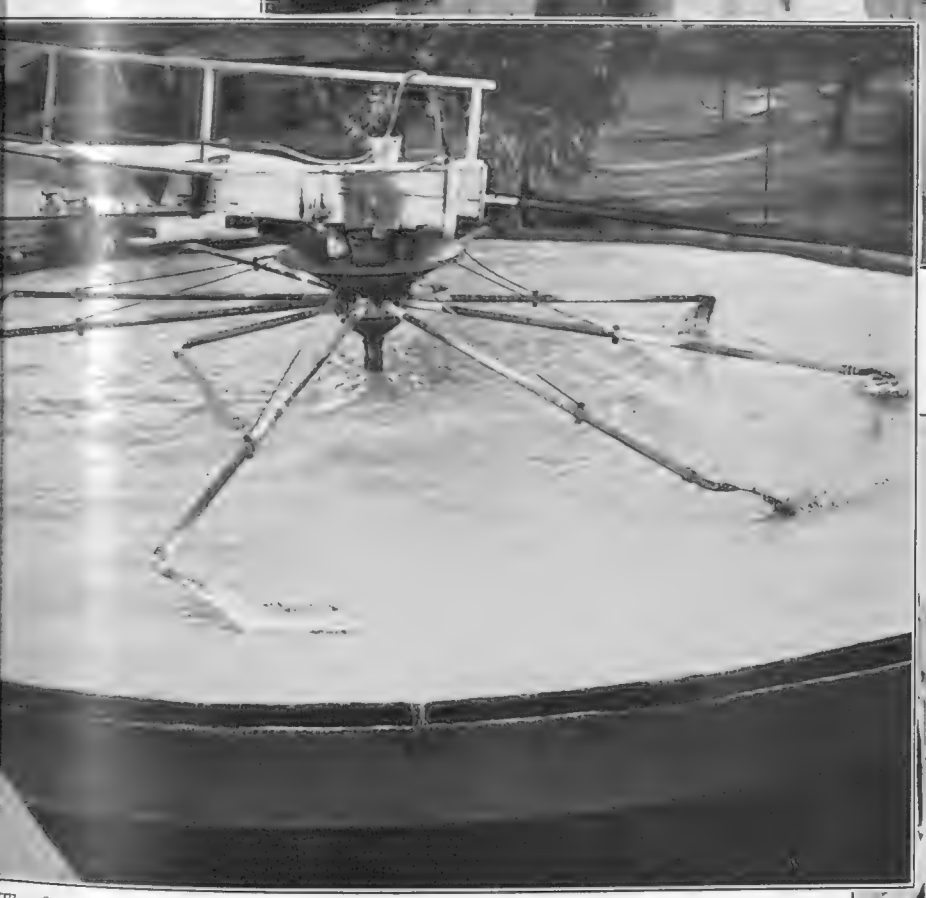
"Golden because of its riches"? you ask, "or for its sun?" The answer is easily both, for is there not gold filtering through the honeycombed foundations of Johannesburg to a depth of 6,000 ft.? There are mines on the Rand which go even below sea-level. Surprising, some of these well-lighted subterranean passageways along which you can walk for miles from beneath one suburb to another in comparative comfort as to coolth and cleanliness. The little railroad track alongside you has a continuous traffic. A succession of trolleys rattle by, bearing a weighty and valuable cargo, of which so many ounces to the hundredweight is the real stuff when it is finally extracted at much expense, labour, and still some risk, even in these days of the modern Rand. Another few hundred feet lower, on another "landing" as it were, the wonderful organization continues, and yet again below and below. It is hard to realize that forty-five years ago the sophisticated town of Johannesburg was non-existent. And then, from a small mining "dorp," it has grown in so short a time to rank with other civilized cities of the world. Above ground Johannesburg is golden in its sunshine. To obtain a really wonderful panoramic view of the whole town you should go up on to the roof of the "Corner House"—supposed to be the tallest building in the city. As you look across towards the distant Main Reef dumps, you rather wonder that they do not look out of place in their chalky whiteness, standing out sharp against an azure sky, picked out here and there with a background of dark-growing pines which fringe the horizon. No doubt there they must remain until the earth crumbles,

# City Built on Gold

*forty years ago was a mere huddle of huts and shanties similar centre with a population of 170,000 who live on the richest site of the World's gold derives*

*MEMORIAL: The Cenotaph of Johannesburg. The colonnades on the left and the ornamentation on the windows on the right of the central monument show to what a pitch of culture the mining city has risen in its short span of life. Already a town of great attraction, it will probably soon grow to a mighty city*

*WITWATERSRAND UNIVERSITY: This impressive building has just been completed, but the grounds, as can be seen, are still in the raw*



*The fine ore is here held in suspension in cyanide solution. The ore sinks to —the gold remains in solution. The residue is called "tailings"*

*2,000 FT. UNDERGROUND: Work in a mine. The conditions are surprisingly good—the work being carried on in a cool and comfortable atmosphere. Above the mines are the great "tail" dumps—towering banks of* debris

*NATIVE LABOUR employed in the great gold mines of the Rand immediately outside Johannesburg*

symbols of fortunes made and lost and the reason for the birth of so busy and prosperous a place. Residential Johannesburg can be truthfully described as beautiful. Few houses are there in Parktown, Forest Town, or where you will that have not been built with an eye to the view, and such suburbs as Rosebank, Melrose, and Orange Grove are garden suburbs in the most genuine sense. As you motor out of town along picturesque avenues, the brilliant colourings of flowers blooming all the year round in their respective seasons are continually before your eyes in the lovely terraced gardens of Johannesburg homes. The famous Munroe Drive winding up above Killarney (the Hollywood of South Africa), and the Transvaal Automobile Club, provide you with one of the finest views imaginable. You might well be sitting on top of the world. Even the Magaliesburg Range of Mountains, bright blue and purple on the distant horizon, seem dwarfed from your point of vantage. Nevertheless, they call to you to come out into the country, or into the veld as it is still called by Johannesburghers. To visitors to South Africa the use of the word "veld" at first seems unsuitable; so reassured have they become by the comforts of civilization and the attractions of life in the Golden City that they are apt to forget that only a comparatively few years ago this big town sprang to light almost straight out of the veld. The big open spaces are still there, and it is one of the greatest attractions for people living in Johannesburg that they can motor out for their picnics into beautiful country and be able to get off the beaten track on any afternoon.

P. T.

# THE PERPETUAL AUTUMN MYSTERY: BIRD MIGRATION and WHY!

| | |
|---|---|
| 22,000 ft. and over | Birds able to fly at this height with ease |
| 20,000 ft. | Migration height according to Herr Gätke |
| 10,000 ft. | Birds seen migrating at this height, by aviators |
| 5,000 ft. | Fine weather migration height, according to Colonel Meinertzhagen |
| 3,000 ft. and below | A usual migration height, according to Colonel Meinertzhagen |

**That birds travel very high when migrating is one of the interesting new facts about migration. The above table shows recent opinion as to the actual height used by the migrating birds**

By D. SETH = SMITH

*(Curator of the London Zoo)*

The subject of migration has always been one of absorbing interest to the student of bird life as well as to every observant person who has the opportunity of noting its happenings during the Spring and fall of the year. To those who are fortunate enough to live in the country, or even in the suburbs of our great towns, the arrival of the swallow or the cuckoo in April is hailed with joy. But the appearance of these two familiar birds is only the outward sign of a vast movement that is taking place amongst birds from the warmer parts of the earth where they have spent the winter to cooler climes where they elect to rear their families.

Those birds which habitually arrive in our northern regions in the Spring we term our summer visitors and their name is legion, while others, such as the fieldfare and the redwing which spend the winter with us and then go far north to breed we term winter visitors. Thus in the spring there is a general movement northward, and a corresponding movement in the reverse direction in the autumn.

We are accustomed to speak of the two types of birds, "migratory" and "resident," the latter including such birds as the starling, blackbird, song-thrush, lark, and so forth, but, as a matter of fact few birds outside those peculiar to the tropics are wholly resident. The general impulse of the Spring and autumn, compelling a northerly or southerly movement, affects many other species than those that we generally regard as migrants. The starlings or thrushes which frequent our gardens during the winter months are probably some that were reared much farther north, while those reared here have gone farther south.

There is no doubt, however, that individuals of certain species that we regard as "resident" do actually remain during their whole lives in the neighbourhood in which they were reared, while others of the same species pass over them as birds of passage from their summer quarters farther north to their winter quarters in the south and *vice versâ*.

Why do birds undertake, twice in each year, the great task, fraught with many dangers, of travelling between their breeding grounds in the north, sometimes the far north, and their winter quarters in the temperate or tropical regions of the south? Undoubtedly lack of food in the winter renders a journey south of absolute necessity, and instinct teaches that such a state of things will come, though the journey is made long before any scarcity of the food supply is apparent. Thus the swift, in July or August, as soon as it has reared its young, leaves us for the south, while food is still abundant; and the cuckoo, having entrusted its eggs to other birds' care, departs long before its young, which have to follow with only instinct to guide them on their journey.

*But why, it may be asked, should these birds ever wish to come back to the north when food in their winter quarters is abundant all the year round?*

The birds which come to our northern climes in the Spring are suited to withstand cold conditions, and it is only in such cool climate that the conditions suitable for their reproduction are found. It is the home of their birth where their race has been born for countless ages. In their southern warm winter quarters they are merely existing without thought of family life, generally without song, merely waiting until the impulse to fly north seizes them once more; until some mysterious message informs them that the lands of their birth are once more free from snow and fog and suitable for family life again.

One can imagine that after the breeding season is over and the moult completed the time to commence a more or less leisurely journey south may be indicated, but it is less easy to understand what it is that prompts them to return north at precisely the same time, often the same date, each year, from a climate which hardly varies from month to month. But so it is that, unlike the somewhat leisurely autumn migration south, the northern movement in the Spring is one of haste and, within very narrow limits, to the exact date.

A very interesting subject which has been much discussed is that of the elevation at which birds fly during migration. That excellent naturalist the late Herr Gätke, who spent most of his life on the island of Heligoland, discusses the subject at length in his fascinating book, *Heligoland, an Ornithological Observatory*. He came to the conclusion that in normal migration in fine weather the incredible height of 20,000 ft. and upwards was usual. He concludes that, while neither man nor any other warm-blooded creature can, while making corporal exertions, ascend to heights much above 22,000 ft. without serious risk to life, birds, on the other hand can, of their own free will, elevate themselves to heights of from 35,000 to 40,000 ft., and at such heights sustain great muscular efforts for any desired length of time without being affected either by the great rarity of the air or its poverty of oxygen, or the extremely low temperatures which prevail in such regions. More recent observers, with a wider field for observations have disputed Gätke's conclusions. Colonel Meinertzhagen, who has paid much attention to this subject in many parts of the world, considers that migration in fine weather, either by night or by day does not often exceed 5,000 ft., the more usual altitude being in the region of 3,000 ft.

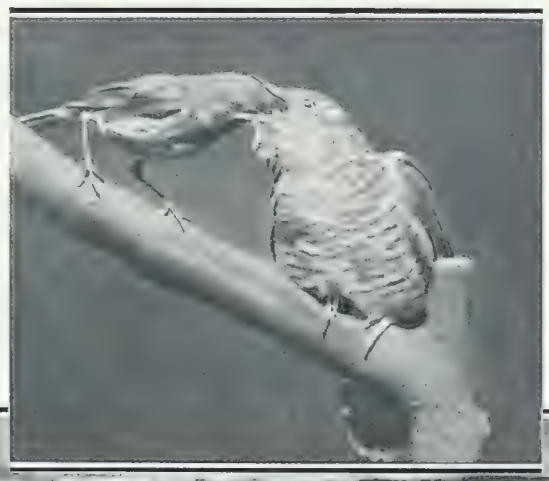
The condition of the weather undoubtedly exerts a profound effect upon the altitude of the migration flight. In clear weather a considerable height is adopted whether by day or night, but visibility is probably essential, and when haze or cloud appears the travellers are compelled to descend to within sight of the surface of the land or water over which they are passing; and it is on such occasions that extraordinary scenes are sometimes witnessed at the lanterns of the lighthouses or lightships around our coasts. The weather, say in early October, may be fine and eminently suitable for migration when the journey is commenced, but in the night a mist rises and the host of migrants passing south are obliged to descend to within a hundred feet or less of the earth. Then, as they pass the coastline, those in the direct line of a lighthouse strike its brilliant beams, which temporarily blind them to all except their own radiance, and a mass of fluttering birds, illuminated by the bright light and appearing as though painted in gold, surrounds the lantern, many of them striking the glass and falling helplessly into the waves below.

In order to complete some important investigations on bird migration, Dr. Eagle Clarke, in 1901, spent a whole month on the Eddystone Lighthouse at the height of the autumn migration movement; and though such voluntary imprisonment is not altogether devoid of discomfort, he was able to look back upon his sojourn in that lonely observatory with extreme pleasure and satisfaction, for it must have been one of the most interesting experiences of his life. The weather was often too fine for observation, the migrants flying high, and only their call-notes, uttered to keep the flocks together, indicating their presence. But the night of October 12 was for once favourable both to migration and observation for, in addition to being fine and calm, a haze compelled the birds to fly low and at the same time necessitated extra illumination which, striking the haze, caused beams of intense brilliance.

Throughout the night birds kept striking the beams of light, but the greatest flight commenced soon after midnight, when the movement assumed the character of a great rush southward. Thrushes, redwings, missel-thrushes, blackbirds, starlings, and skylarks appeared in vast numbers, followed by chaffinches, grey wagtails, gold-crests, fieldfares, white wagtails, meadow pipits, and curlews, while a party of herons passed close overhead calling loudly. The birds most numerous on this occasion were skylarks, starlings, song-thrushes, redwings, and blackbirds, all birds, be it noted that are generally regarded as "resident" species, except the redwings which we look upon as a winter visitor. The host of summer visitors had already gone.

The migration journey is a long one and disasters are frequent. When one thinks of a tiny bird such as the golden-crested wren or chiff-chaff flying the North Sea, or the 115 miles which separate the coast of Cornwall from the nearest point of France, one can well imagine that any change of wind or approach of sudden storm must lead to wholesale destruction. Swallows leave the northern parts of Europe in September, and under normal conditions may expect to find mild weather and plenty of insect food throughout their journey South. This year, however, intense cold was encountered in the neighbourhood of Vienna; insect food was non-existent, and thousands of these birds were picked up in a moribund condition. The Austrian Bird Protection Society, greatly to its credit, did all that was humanly possible to save the birds. Thousands were collected from the surrounding districts and were fed and cared for until powerful aeroplanes could be chartered to convey them over the Alps to Venice where, in the warmer climate, we are told, the birds recovered, with a total loss of only some 5 per cent.

The Society deserves the very sincere thanks of all bird-lovers for its noble action, though it is to be feared the number of birds saved, although considerable, was but a small percentage of those that succumbed to the adverse weather conditions.



**BREEDING GROUNDS: A great nesting island for birds off the East African coast—a resort they vacate when the migrating urge comes upon them. *Inset* is a robin feeding a young cuckoo. The cuckoo leaves its young behind when the migrating urge comes, and the foster-children of other birds have to follow their parents as best they can when fledged**

"If you know a better 'ole . . ."

An unusual picture of a bull seal enjoying a post-prandial siesta in the sun

# NATURE in LIGHTER VEIN

## Walrus wearing woollens!

An amusing study of "Old Bill," the famous walrus of the London Zoo, in the vivid muffler he has adopted for winter wear

"Is Creation Comic?" was not one of the titles of the sub-divisional lectures of the British Association, but it might well have been

# HINDENBURG: The TRUTH

## And Conrad's Mind and Method.

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

England may have fallen from the gold standard, but a glance over my week's reading assures me that there is no falling away either in the quantity or the quality of our book production. This week provides an embarrassment of riches. Biography, criticism, and fiction are most nobly represented, and a much-pressed reviewer has had to put aside some books for a more enjoyable consideration. I look at twenty books a week and read ten or a dozen, but I cannot for one moment say that I find any great pleasure in reading so many. There are some books over which one wants to browse, some so slow in their development that they need a monopoly of a reader's attention, some so delicate in their atmosphere that their essence has to be distilled. I force my pace only because it is the function of a page like this to provide its readers with a survey that does justice to current publications and affords their various tastes a brief indication of the nature and merits of the publishers' wares.

*Hughes*

**A JUDGE AS COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE: His Honour Sir Edward Parry, whose new book, *The Persecution of Mary Stewart* (Cassell), is one of the most revealing and illuminating volumes on that ill-fated monarch whose life and death, as Sir Edward clearly shows, were compassed about by murder, fraud, forgery, and falsehood—justifying the book's sub-title, "A Study in Criminology"**

Foremost stands *Hindenburg*, by Dr. Gerhard Schultze-Pfaelzer (Philip Allan. 21s.). I have read every page of this large, frank biography. Written by a German who enjoys the friendship of Hindenburg; it has the dual merits of knowledge and frankness. He does not spare his own nation in the indictment of the follies of some of its leaders and the calamity into which they led the German nation. He can scarcely veil his contempt of the Kaiser, his arrogance, trickery, and showmanship. He indulges in no blind hero-worship, but presents his subject with all or certainly many of his faults, personal and professional. The net result is a very honest, convincing, and readable book about one of the two great figures that have arisen in the post-War period—the other being Mussolini.

Hindenburg was a great figure in the War, of course, but one of the most interesting of many comparisons made in this book is that in which the author traces the rise, decline, and fall of Ludendorff, side by side with the rise of Hindenburg; and, in contrast with his colleague, the latter's enhanced reputation following the eclipse of their military careers. For Hindenburg is the man who stood by Germany in her hour of need, and chose to co-operate with those whose policy and thought were abhorrent to his nature in order that the Fatherland should not lack a hand on the wheel in the stress of the storm.

The book opens with a survey of the Marshal's antecedents, his career as a young officer that brought him to stand, in 1870, part of a victorious army, in that very Hall of the Mirrors at Versailles, where, later, Germany's name was appended to a humiliating and, in Germany's eyes, a shameful document. Dr. Schultze-Pfaelzer does not shy at the truth. When I was in Germany recently I was amazed to find how firm was the belief of the younger generation that Germany was not defeated on military grounds but collapsed from interior treachery, a theory that will not bear impartial investigation. The author of this book deals a final blow at this myth by quoting a letter from Hindenburg, written at the time when it was considered whether it was possible to refuse the peace terms. He wrote from the G.H.Q. on January 17, 1919:

"In the event of the resumption of hostilities we can reconquer the province of Posen in the east and defend our frontiers. In the west, however, we can scarcely count upon being able to withstand a serious offensive on the part of our adversaries in view of the numerical superiority of the Entente and their ability to outflank us on both wings."

There are certain inaccuracies which I know to be such of my own knowledge, but considerations of space forbid their discussion at length. Nevertheless, the whole book gives the impression of fearless truth, and it presents a consistent portrait of a man of deep patriotism and stern nobility of character. Some errors might have been spared us by the translator, such as "official circles on the Thames." Books about the leading figures of the War have been responsible for the most appalling trash, conjecture, and downright fabrication. This is a very notable exception. It shows wide research and broad sense; it presents a reasonable portrait of a figure all nations and former adversaries must honour and respect.

*The Man Who Died* (Secker 6s.) is the last work of D. H. Lawrence. After reading it I am still more firmly confirmed in my opinion that in the last years of his life he was a deranged genius. I cannot conceive anything more offensive than the nature and manner of this story. It would justify the wildest scarification of Mr. James Douglas, who would find in it a well of iniquity that might excuse a puritanical hysteria. *The Man Who Died* is Christ. We are present at the hour of His awakening in the tomb, and of His escape after being deposited there as dead. He appears to His followers, but is glad to have escaped His mission, which He now realizes was an interference with men's liberty. He sets forth on His wanderings and comes to a temple of Isis, where he pays homage to the pagan goddess. The word "naked" occurs thirteen times in nine pages, there is the usual Lawrence obsession with thighs, and the pseudo-mystic-cum-Havelock Ellis psychology that covers a multitude of pornography.

Doubtless we shall be informed by some respectable authorities that this is a great masterpiece of intuitive writing. I do not find it, as many will, extremely blasphemous, but certainly I find it pitiful and nauseating. Lawrence's memory should have been spared this degradation of his genius. Some of the sentences are remarkable for the peculiar cutaneous incandescence that Lawrence could evoke from his subjects, but others, closely examined, are sheer nonsense, Mumbo Jumbo incantations. It is a *tour-de-force* of a diseased imagination.

There is an efficiency about the work of Mr. Somerset Maugham that fills fellow craftsmen with despair. His method reminds me of a skilled surgeon. He probes and cuts with certainty, laying bare with the ills that trouble us, one sharp adjective. *First Person Singular* (Heinemann 7s. 6d.) is a collection of six short stories, every one an admirable example of a difficult art. The title story contains an unforgettable analysis of a precious writer and a vicious woman. It also contains some pertinent remarks upon the author's calling.

"One can never tell how large the intelligentsia is, but one can tell fairly well how many of its members are prepared to pay money to patronize the arts they cherish — books that demand from their readers more comprehension than can be expected from the common herd sell twelve hundred copies. For the intelligentsia, notwithstanding their sensitiveness to beauty, prefer to go to the theatre on the nod and to get a book from the library."

Mr. Maugham is a pagan, and often his philosophy provokes a protest. Does he really believe "the spirit is very strange, it never soars so high as when the body has wallowed for a period in the gutter"? Is he not confusing spirit with conscience?

Mr. F. R. G. Duckworth has written a book that will delight all Browningites, *Browning* (Benn. 12s. 6d.). But does he not beg the issue in contending that Browning is much abused, misunderstood, and under-valued? Surely he is generally accepted to-day as the head of all the Victorians, the superior of Tennyson. Almost alone of the Victorian host—Rossetti, Morris, Swinburne, etc.—his reputation has been enhanced by time, his circle of admirers increased. No defence seems necessary. He has worn well in all eyes. Nevertheless, this book is the product of a mind that has thought deeply upon the poet and his work; it has spirit and insight and is most pleasant reading. Mr. Duckworth notes, in a grand sentence, that Browning "in a day which is paying so heavy a price for the tigerish brilliance of Mr. Lytton Strachey by having to endure all his jackals" has escaped being "bumped off" by our literary gangsters.

**BIRKENHEAD ON BIRKENHEAD: Lord Birkenhead is writing a biography of his distinguished father, "F. E." He is seen at work in the library at Charlton**

Here is an excellent book on Conrad by Mr. R. L. Megroz, *Joseph Conrad's Mind and Method* (Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.). It is the first book about Conrad that gives us the necessary survey of his life, his background, and his method of work in brief form. Mr. Megroz has omitted little that is essential to a true understanding of this remarkable figure.

I am a critical reader of anything about Conrad. I account it one of the most fortunate facts of my youth that I met and was honoured by his friendship. All who knew Conrad are agreed upon one point. He was a man of tremendous personality, a really great man, visibly as well as mentally. A bright young person exclaimed to me the other day, "Oh, Conrad! he's finished." There is a decline, but that is a natural reaction after so much praise, and my own adoration of the man does not blind me to the fact that some of his work is tedious reading, but on the heights what a master he was!

I am glad Mr. Megroz points out that Conrad the sailor has been overdone. His father was a writer, the tradition was in the blood. He was not an able seaman enamoured of an inkpot. There is one bad misprint in this most entertaining book. I am sure Conrad did not see the sea for the first time from the Lido, Vienna. And one claim I must challenge. Mr. Megroz has not read all of importance appertaining to Conrad. It is obvious he has not read one of Conrad's most remarkable letters, which happens to be in my possession. It is unlikely that we shall ever know the whole truth about Conrad, but such as we do know adds to the majesty of his figure. This is a book for the Conrad shelf.

Along my table, for future browsing, these excellent books demand atttention: *A History of Architecture*, by Sir Banister Fletcher (Batsford. £2 2s. net.)—If you want to be intelligent about aqueducts, architraves, French renaissance—everything from Egyptian tombs to American skyscrapers—here is the encyclopædia, well illustrated. *All in a Life-time*, by R. D. Blumenfeld (Benn. 8s. 6d. net.)—A famous ex-editor, even if he could not write, could not fail to be interesting, but R. D. B. can write, and I find his indiscretions most discreetly and artfully presented. He has made the most of people and things and preserved his humour. *A Window in Fleet Street*, by James Milne (Murray. 12s. net)—You could not find keener eyes, or a better window to look out on Fleet Street and its pageant of men and events, than Mr. Milne's. *The Autobiography of an Adventurer*, by Trebitsch-Lincoln (Stein-Gollancz. 12s. 6d.)—Humbug, bluff, ability, English credulity, and a complete lack of conscience have made here one of the most astonishing records of the age. Fiction fades into insignificance before Lincoln's glowing effrontery. *Home from the Sea*, by Sir Arthur Rostron (Cassell. 10s. 6d. net.)—The Commodore of the Cunard Fleet has a long, vivid, and interesting story to tell.

### Recommended List:

**The Persecution of Mary Stewart,** *by Sir Edward Parry* **(Cassell. 21s. net.)**—A legal mind examines the evidence against Mary Queen of Scots and finds it a criminal conspiracy. A brilliant attack on the anti-Stewart school.

**The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard,** *by Anatole France* **(Lane. 16s. net.)**—A beautiful edition of Lafcadio Hearn's translation of a great favourite.

**A Book of Ballads,** *by A. P. Herbert* **(Benn. 8s. 6d. net.)**—The collected light verse of A. P. H. with illustrations as delightful as the text.

**The First Mrs. Fraser,** *by St. John Ervine* **(Collins. 7s. 6d. net.)**—The novel of the play.

**The Trap,** *by Allen Heavens* **(Hogarth Press. 10s. 6d. net.)**—A very long war novel internationally conceived in its motives of state contrasted with motives of men. A tour-de-force.

**Gentlemen's Daughters,** *by Margaret Masterman* **(Nicholson and Watson, Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.)**—A new publisher breaks new ground. It is time the school story writer left Eton and Harrow as the scene of investigation. Here the girl's school is played upon with a caustic wit and a discriminating eye. A well-written, vivid story of a girl's public school.

**Flying Dutchman,** *by Anthony Fokker* **(Routledge. 12s. 6d. net.)**—The great aviator tells the story of his experiments and triumphs.

# *The* SMILE *in* ART

## A Gallery of Antiquity and a New Bronze

THE SMILE OF ANTIQUITY

*A remarkable treatment of amusement treated with the delicate irony of Hellas — an Archaian head in the Berlin Museum*

STATUE OF CALVI

*A magnificent bronze by Antonio Maraini, unveiled by Signor Balbo, the Air Minister, at Pieve di Cadore to the hero of the Risorgimento. The previous statue was destroyed in the War*

THE SMILE OF THE MIDDLE AGES

*A contemptuous disdain tinges the mirth of this figure in the Cathedral of Magdeburg — which has in it an atmosphere of the Queen of Beauty presiding over the banners and blood of a medieval tournament*

THE SECRET SMILE

*A head in Naumburg (Prussia) Cathedral, strongly reminiscent of the Smiling Lady of Rheims*

# PLAYS

## BY PHILIP PAGE

### "Elizabeth of England."

Herr Bruckner's play about Queen Elizabeth—quite the most important production yet seen at the comfortable new Cambridge Theatre—might be described in the way that the comic-song described the German "music of the future." It is, that is to say, "very good, very long, and minus melody." I do not refer to melody in the musical sense; that was limited to subdued Elizabethan rumblings conducted by Mr. Constant Lambert, and was extremely pleasant. But the play itself was devoid of melody in the poetical sense.

It was not, of course, intended to be a poetical play. Yet it is, I think, a pity, if not an impossibility, to treat Queen Elizabeth in wholly realistic fashion. For one thing, there is not sufficient evidence. For another, the subject, viewed after the lapse of centuries, demands a broad and sweeping style which, if it does not alter facts, at any rate transcends and sublimates them. *Elizabeth of England*, with all its virtues, which are many, is cold and a trifle sesquipedalian. It is, I admit, beside the point to hanker after a Shakespeare to wring our patriotic withers; Shakespeare would have had most of us sobbing with patriotism in half-a-dozen words the moment he started on that theme about the gallant "tininess" of the England over which Elizabeth ruled. Bruckner's Elizabeth harped on this more than once; yet we felt we were reading a disjointed history book, and not a particularly interesting one at that. This was not the fault of Mr. Ashley Dukes, whose translation is admirable. But the best translator in the world, though he can interpret the mind of his author, cannot alter his soul.

We are mercifully spared the Wardour Street Elizabeth, with its gadzooks and halidoms and other flummery of the so-called period play. It is better, too, to have no poetry at all than bad poetry and windy eloquence of the wrong type. The characters in this play talk a lot but never talk nonsense. None the less, sensible people can become boring after a while, and *Elizabeth of England* is not without its stretches of tedium. These would have been relieved had there been more touches of "good theatre." There was, however, one touch of "good theatre"—the moment when Elizabeth, surprised without her wig and cosmetics, attempts to hide her hideous old-age from Essex, and forgets the mirror. That scene stood out by its strength and novelty, and all London may be talking of "Elizabeth through the looking-glass," largely because Elizabeth finds her German garden in other respects a somewhat arid spot.

I advise any who contemplate a visit to the Cambridge Theatre, and whose history is rusty, to spend an hour previously with the late Mr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner or with Mr. Lytton Strachey. Herr Bruckner presupposes a lot of historical knowledge and a Teutonic thoroughness in these matters which, I fear, the average member of a London audience does not possess. With this preliminary canter it is possible to fit the pieces of the Brucknerian jig-saw puzzle together fairly easily, and not to come away with few ideas beyond the rather hazy one that the Queen of England was fond of a man named Essex, and that she went to war with Philip of Spain who spent an unconscionable time in dying. The effort is worth making. Except for one scene, the attempted abduction of Elizabeth and a lot of silly stuff about a nightgown, *Elizabeth of England* is a sincere, painstaking, solemn, and by no means uninteresting piece of work.

The production, also by a German, is effective, and, when one can fix in one's mind the notion that two scenes, portrayed simultaneously on the same stage, are supposed to be taking place many hundreds of miles apart, comparatively simple. The Spanish pageantry, thanks to our own Mr. Charles Ricketts, is such that El Greco himself might have painted. Except for some chairs in Act I, which are ugly and, I would bet heavily, without historical foundation, the general attention to detail is beyond reproach.

Much of the acting on the opening night was marred by inaudibility. Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, fine though her performance was as the ageing, vile-tempered, yet gloriously inspiring and courageous Queen, was an offender. It is difficult, I imagine, for a young woman to keep up the cracked and querulous tones of near-senility, and matters were not helped in one scene by Miss Neilson-Terry having to talk, seated, with her back to the stage. Why should this have been done? There is neither reason nor excuse for it.

*"ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND": (Left), Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, in the title-rôle, and Mr. Leslie Perrin as Essex; Miss Neilson-Terry and Mr. Frank Vosper as Elizabeth and Bacon (above); and (right) Miss Margaretta Scott as Isabella, and Mr. Matheson Lang as Philip II. This trio of pictures show three moments from the English production of Herr Bruckner's powerful drama in which several scenes take place at once. It is reviewed on this page and has been produced at the New Cambridge Theatre*

Mr. Matheson Lang is so good an actor that he held the stage as Philip of Spain in spite of the fact that he had to be either moribund or in a bad temper or both. Yet he, too, was frequently inaudible. I would have put the fault down to the theatre had I not been able to hear every word spoken by Miss Margaretta Scott, (the Infanta) Mr. Leslie Perrins (Essex), Mr. Frank Vosper (Bacon), Mr. Bromley Devonport (Cecil), and Miss Joan Carey, all of whom were admirable.

### "A Country Girl."

Revivals of popular musical-comedies of a generation ago are apt to resemble burlesques of this form of entertainment. Can audiences at any time have taken the amours of the handsome young naval officer, the Indian princess, the tearful maiden from some impossibly countrified country house even slightly seriously? It seems that they did, since musical-comedy cannot live on good tunes alone, and *A Country Girl*, revived yet again at Daly's Theatre, was always prodigiously popular. Those rustics in smock-frocks, then the old squire, the barrels of "zoider," and the naval officers (so utterly unlike officers in any navy that we were brought to the verge of the wildest fantasy) must be endured as having worked hard for many years and as having convinced children of all ages that they were having a thoroughly merry time. Yet it is not in any vein of ill-humour (for I revel in the past and in the revels of the past) that I declare that *A Country Girl* struck me as being as near imbecility as it is possible to come.

Except that nearly all the music was taken much too fast, and that too few people could sing it, the performance was a good one. Bright and snappy, with plenty of laughter on both sides of the footlights.

Yet something more than noise and high spirits are necessary if early-Edwardian musical comedy is to be tolerable fare in 1931. Not that the musical comedies of to-day are, for the most part, any less jejune. But they are less ingenuous and less sentimental, and they have dropped some of the more absurd conventions of grand opera. Highly dramatic vocal farewells against strongly built-up finales are all very well when there are voices of the right type; when they have not even that to recommend them, they are ridiculous and boring. Topical references (we had hiking and Mr. Winston Churchill's hat to help to dispel the bouquet of the 1902 vintage) are not enough in themselves to make up for lost time, or in this case, for hurried time.

On the other hand, if pieces like a *A Country Girl* are to be produced and played as a *pastiche* (which would not be at all a bad idea) the George Edwarde's touch must be revived as well, and the cast must be as perfect as money can make it.

There are deficiencies in both these respects at Daly's though Miss Dorothy Ward, with flashing eyes, a rustic accent, and vigorous gestures, was indefatigably hoydenish as Nan, the country-girl herself. Mr. Griffith Moss, replacing the late Mr. Rutland Barrington, has a good voice and played the immortal Rajah of Bhong with dignity; but he showed not a shred of humour and, since he has to describe himself as "portly" his *jeune premier* figure made me feel annoyed as well as envious. Miss Lorna Hubbard must guard against restlessness and an affected diction but is in other respects promising. A tiny part was very gracefully played by Miss Stephanie Stephens.

### "Blue Sky Beyond."

It is difficult to write a play about a great tune, to hear that tune played in the course of it, and then to be convinced that it is the finest tune ever written, that being part of the plot. Indeed, only one person has ever been able to do this, and his name is Wagner. Only slightly less difficult—and dangerous—is it to display a picture on the stage and to let it be understood that that picture is a masterpiece painted by a genius.

When I saw, in the course of *Blue Sky Beyond*, a picture of a dog I did not at once jump to the conclusion that the character in the play who was supposed to have painted it was a genius or anything like one. So a certain portion of the play fell down with a thud. The thud might have been forgotten and forgiven had Mr. Keneth Kent, the author-actor, shown more skill generally and evoked more interest.

His play, however, is far from being piffle. It is not in the galley of the couple of dire failures which have already left their mark on this autumn season, deservedly short though their runs have been. Mr. Kent has a dramatist's *instinct*, and although *Blue Sky Beyond* is a poor play, I have an idea that he will one day write a good one.

He tells a little story about a woman painter who falls in love with a man painter whose work she is so busy supervising and inspiring that her own goes all to pieces. Her reward for this is that the man falls in love with somebody else. She was an old flame, but he is behaving badly. The woman painter does not, in order to console herself, go to the dogs but paints them instead, including a "memory portrait" of that particularly dirty dog, her errant lover. The lover returns, so they get married, instead of living together.

Miss Isobel Elsom makes the woman painter beautiful and graceful; it was not humanly possible to do more with the part. Mr. Carl Harbord showed sincerity as the lover. The author and Miss Drusilla Will provided comic relief for which it is not easy to express much thanks.

*"ELISABETH VON ENGLAND": A moment from the original production. The English version differs slightly from this production, but the practice of the double scene—Spain and England appearing simultaneously—is exploited equally at the new Cambridge*

# PLAYERS

*RUSSO-HUNGARIAN IN BRITISH MUSICAL COMEDY: Miss Barbara Diu and Mr. Oskar Denes in* Viktoria and Her Hussar, *the Sir Alfred Butt production at the Palace Theatre. Both these artistes have made a considerable personal success in a production of reminiscent music, gorgeous dresses, and efficient choreography*

*A WELCOME NEWCOMER: Mr. Oskar Denes, who stars in* Viktoria and Her Hussar *at the Palace. Mr. Denes (pronounced Denesh) has both voice and personality. On left is Miss Barbara Diu, the Russian star in the same production. She plays Lia San—a part her peculiarly Russian beauty admirably suits*

*BEFORE THE "MIKE": Miss Jeanette MacDonald makes a gramophone record at the Kingsway Hall for the H.M.V. Company. She sang four new songs*

*REHEARSAL: Miss Jeanette MacDonald at the Dominion Theatre, where she appeared* in propriâ personâ *for two weeks. A talkie was made of her during rehearsal*

Two of the great popular successes of the moment are seen above — Miss Jeanette MacDonald, the screen star, and one scene from *Viktoria and Her Hussar* at the Palace. This is the "Mausie" number

*AFTER THE "MIKE": Miss Jeanette MacDonald listens to one of the records, played on a radio-gramophone, she has just made at the Kingsway Hall*

# The WORLD of WOMEN

*Peter North*

**Panne velvet, trimmed with ermine is used for this charming toque, to which the short eye veil lends a becoming softness. From Liberty**

## WINTER *is y-cumen in*

### Some Chic Aspects of the New Season's Mode which will Appeal to Every Female Heart

With the coming of late autumn a stir is created in the World of Fashion, and you and I are all agog for the latest winter dress news.

By this time things have settled down a bit, we have recovered from the excitement of the first wild rumours that find their way from Paris to us, and more or less, fashionably speaking, and not gold-standardly speaking, that is, we know now where we are.

We know, for instance, that fur is to play an important part in our lives this winter in the form of warm and comfortable coats as well as trimming to our tailor-mades. We know, also by this time, that figures must be sleek and naturally waisted, and our heads especially well groomed to set off the gay tilt of our perky millinery.

Again we realize that for the newest modes we must return for inspiration to our grandmothers, but the manner in which we don these Victorianisms is vastly different from the year of grace 1869. For 1931 has brought with it an extremely sophisticated turn of the tide in feminine affairs, a knowledge of power and a definite sense of responsibilities and realities that were quite unknown two generations ago. Perhaps that is the reason why our hats have such a devil-may-care way with them, and why the faces beneath are just a little pensive.

**M. D.**

**Black and white tweed is the medium chosen for this smart coat. It is finished at the waist line with a black leather belt, and has one of the newest collars**

**An afternoon tea-gown carried out in a light woollen material. Note the novel manner in which the skirt is fixed on to the vest with buttons**

*Peter North*

**This coat of American broadtail cloth is trimmed with a fox collar. Note the snake-like cuffs and the slender fitting hip line. From Galeries Lafayette**

## NEEDLEWORK TAPESTRY

### A Fashionable and Effective Form of Upholstery

One of the most fascinating crafts which flourished in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was that of tapestry needlework, and it is interesting to realize that to-day this most sumptuous and enduring form of decoration is experiencing an extensive revival. Hand-made tapestry covers are employed for upholstering the finest period reproduction furniture, the tapestries are similar in every detail of the design to their antique originals, and they are made by processes of skilled handicraft similar to those practised two and three hundred years ago.

These needlework tapestries are closely worked in coloured wools and silks on an open mesh material such as canvas. The designs include floral patterns, landscapes, and pictorial subjects with figures in rich costume, and the needlework itself is of two types—*au petit point* and *au gros point*. The latter has fewer stitches to the square inch, and is used for broader, softer effects, whereas the effect of the former is more precise, and shows the details of pattern in sharper relief.

Inevitably the cost of needlework tapestry must always be other than cheap; for the processes entailed are slow and laborious and considerable skill is necessary to the craft. The upholstery for a fine settee such as the example illustrated may have taken as much as six months to execute and, before the actual needle-work is begun, a cartoon has to be made on specially woven cloth by an artist, and the design must be traced on to the canvas.

In addition to upholstery there are, of course, tapestry wall-hangings, and in period interiors these hangings are unrivalled for dignity and splendour. In contrast with these are smaller accessories such as pole screens, card-table tops, stools, work-basket covers, samplers, and small panels framed and hung as pictures. There are also tapestry-covered, four-fold screens, very handsome in their effect.

**B. B.**

**A love seat in early XVIII-century style covered with a handsome modern reproduction in *petit point***

**A modern reproduction of an early XVIII-century settee covered with *petit point* depicting a pastoral landscape**

# WOMEN *and* CHILDREN

From the Wide World

*AUSTRIA AND RUMANIA: Fräulein Herta van Haentjens, the noted Austrian beauty, in the costume of a Rumanian peasant in which she won the first prize at the fancy dress ball held at the Royal Palace in aid of the Rumanian hospitals*

*SWEDEN'S GREATEST ACTRESS: Froeken Tora Teje, in the rôle of Lady Macbeth, which she created at the Royal Dramatic Theatre, Stockholm. Her art, which has been compared with that of Bernhardt and Duse, attracted critics from the great capitals of Europe, all of whom heralded her performance with pæans of the highest praise*

*OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF JAPAN: Princess Taka-no-Miya, the second and youngest daughter of the Emperor and Empress of Japan. The princess was born in September of 1929*

*AUSTRIA'S GREATEST SCULPTRESS: Fräulein Gudrun Bandisch, whose work has created something of a sensation on the Continent. It is rumoured that Fräulein Bandisch has been promised a sitting by the Prince of Wales*

*THE HEIR TO THE THRONE OF MOROCCO: Prince Mulai el Hassan, the only son of Sultan Siai Muhammad. The prince, who was born in 1929, shows considerable aptitude for foreign languages. He has English and French attendants and chatters in both tongues as well as in his native Arabic*

## The SPHERE of TRAVEL

# SUNSHINE and HEALTH in EGYPT

**Every Assistance is Given to Those who are Journeying Abroad, See Announcement Below**

A SHRINE OF ANCIENT EGYPT: The Cairo Museum in which many treasures, including the latest finds from the Valley of the Kings, are housed

Only four days out from London, travelling under reasonable and ideal conditions, with first-class English attention *en voyage*, in British-owned steamers the visitor arrives in the sunshine of Egypt for an ideal holiday.

The winter climate of Egypt is perfection.

If another country has been termed "The Playground of Europe," Egypt, with a much greater variety of outdoor amusements, merits the title "Playground of the World." Exceptionally favourable climatic conditions enable practically every kind of sport to be carried on, and there are ample facilities for tourists looking for exercise or recreation.

For instance, with the "Sport of Kings" (King Fuad I himself is a keen racing man), the race meetings in Cairo, Heliopolis, and Alexandria are fashionable and popular. The season in Cairo lasts from November to the end of February, the meetings being held at Gezira and Heliopolis during alternate week-ends. Both courses are well-equipped with enclosures, stands, and totalisators. The Gezira racecourse takes the palm for beauty with its green grass and trees, while at Heliopolis there is the tonic of desert air and an impression of wide spaciousness. Races for Arabs naturally predominate, but thoroughbreds are also catered for, and many horses are imported for the respective seasons. There are occasional events for amateur riders.

It is interesting here to note that a number of well-known European jockeys find it well worth while to ride in Egypt, and plenty of local talent is available. Owners are not confined to local residents, and several enthusiasts make an annual visit, bringing their horses with them and placing them with one of the trainers in the locality.

For those visitors who are fond of riding and unable to borrow a mount from a friend, an opportunity presents itself at the Mena House Hotel near the Pyramids. Here mounts can be hired where one can wander round the Pyramids and their environs at will, leaving the camels and donkeys to lesser folk.

Again, there is duck-shooting and quail-shooting that calls for skill in abundance, whilst polo, golf, tennis, and hockey are encouraged. Everything, in fact, that you can find in England.

The difficulty is not in finding something to do, but rather in finding time in which to do everything. During the day a bewildering choice of entertainment offers itself. For instance, the Mousky quarter of Cairo, where the bazaars are situated and the teeming native life of the country may be studied at first hand, is well worth a score of visits. Or if the will to move be lacking, as in the case of an invalid, just sit on the veranda of your hotel, and watch the world go by as you listen to the music.

### After the City, the Pyramids.

At night you have an equal variety of choice, an equal difficulty in arriving at a definite decision. You have almost decided upon a dance at one of the hotels when a full moon calls you to an impromptu picnic at the Pyramids. Before you have made up your mind the sound of a distant drum reminds you of native places of amusement where the Turkish coffee is of the best and where the lithe young dancers move with the grace of panthers.

When one comes to analyse it, it seems more easy to account for the charm of this wonderful country of multitudinous attractions. Its various cities offer all the social entertainments that are to be found in the West coupled with an environment that is nowhere equalled in the world. For underneath the gaiety and the light one feels always the changeless throb of the East, pulsing, now as 4,000 years ago, its course through eternity.

The people of Egypt! They partake of the charm of their beautiful country. If you are ready to be friends with them they are more than ready to be friends with you with their hospitality and liveliness. They never forget you.

From October onwards through the winter months is the most delightful time to spend the holiday.

To receive the full pleasure of a trip to Egypt, you should, if possible, take your car. It has taken the Egyptians over six hundred years to move from the *shadeef* to the mechanical water-pump; but among all the exceptions to such slow development, motoring is outstanding. The Egyptians have taken to cars as ducks take to water, and the hundreds of new car licences taken out every month are forcing the Government to extend, improve, and develop roads and parking-places. Private enterprise is also carrying out useful work which is the outcome of modern rivalry in advertising methods. To the Egyptian—the possession of a motor-car is a symbol of caste although castes do not exist in the country. The carrying capacity and usefulness of this modern means of transport have been bred into the local mind as in no other country.

SAHARAN SILHOUETTE: The donkey is the classic method of transport to the Pyramids, but nowadays horses are available and the "moke" is left to humble folk

THE TRANSPORT OF THE NILE: Dhows with bellying sails and starred and crescented flags, laden with shouting crews, follow the traveller up the river

The most fascinating and interesting trip one should take during their stay and one that will ever be recorded in memory is a river journey up the famous Nile. As a well-known author relates: "What is this lure of the Nile which makes us, years after we have seen it, drop into a reverie during which we feel the steady north wind caressing our cheeks, the all-pervading warmth enveloping our bodies, and hear againthe strange weird music of the *sakieh*—the silence of an Egyptian night, grinds out its plaintive story?"

The Nile service of steamers is excellent. These white and gleaming river ships have roomy decks—the promenade deck on the larger ones is fifty feet across—and are provided with smoking and drawing-rooms, and there are bedrooms, suites with private bathrooms, as well as single cabins. All the steamers are fitted to ensure the greatest comfort to the passengers. Comfort is hardly the word to describe adequately the luxury in which one may travel up the Nile. Food, too, is splendid.

### The Mystic Charm of Old Nile.

Having made a choice of the kind of vessel you intend to travel in—quite a simple matter since it depends solely upon what you can afford and the days or weeks or even months at your disposal—you will find yourself relieved of every trouble in connection with your voyage. Before embarking for the South, the traveller should certainly take a short day trip northwards to what is called the Delta barrage, which although it is not spoken of in the terms of the Assuan Dam, which exceeds it in size, is yet one of the largest barrages in the world, and is a very important structure for it regulates the level of the water throughout the entire Delta.

Space will not permit the writer to illustrate the many wonderful sights to be witnessed on this interesting and delightful trip, but on the first day it is hardly possible to believe the Cairo seen from the water just after slipping the cables near Kasr el Nil Bridge, belongs to the same order of civilization as the noisy, rattling, busy whirl of the Cairo streets. Rising on the banks above the line of moored private houseboats are seen the palatial homes of wealthy Egyptians and Europeans—mosques, built of white stone, with beautiful minarets abound, and towering over them the Mokattam Hills making a fine setting for the Citadel and Muhammad Aly Mosque, whose two slender minarets form such unique and graceful landmarks. Westward can be seen the three great Pyramids.

The first stop is made at a place called Bedresheim, where donkeys await passengers to take them to the site of the ancient Memphis. Two colossal statues of Rameses II lie prone on the ground near the villages which now hide every vestige of the city which the classical writers on Egypt described in terms of wonderment and admiration.

The first day on a Nile steamer will live in the traveller's memory. He will feel he has almost had a surfeit of things old, yet new to him. He will be wise, therefore, if before starting on any excursion he reads a good account of what he is going to see for even the best guide, knowing so familiarly all he is showing the visitors, cannot deal with all the puzzled, questioning thoughts that arise when a monument is visited unprepared.

Every day has its special excursion, and in between enough variety is provided by the river banks alone to make the voyage worth undertaking.

F. G. B.

ACROSS THE NILE: The Temples of Luxor seen across the "grey-green spaces of the Nile"

THE SPHERE

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, and resorts in all parts of the World by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

TRAVEL BUREAU

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These are the recollections of an English visitor's holiday in South Africa last year. May we send you our booklet "Radiant Tours"?—the new programme of Winter Travel in South Africa. Posted free on request to The Director, South African Government Travel Bureau, 73, Strand, London, W.C. 2, or the Leading Tourist Agencies.

# By SUNSHINE EXPRESS to KHARTUM

## The Attractions of the Sudan in the Coming Months

**Captain Owen Tweedy, who Knows the Sudan well by Many a Journey through its Fascinating Sunlit Deserts and along the Shining Nile, Tells here Something of what the Coming Months can Offer the Traveller in this Most Efficiently-run African Territory**

Just on fifty years ago, Gordon was beleaguered in the Black Sudan, and all England was anxiously hunting for Khartum on a map of Africa which consisted mainly of dotted lines and queried hearsay towns. Time has worked bewildering changes. "Where are you going this winter?" we ask each other in 1931. "Oh, Cairo, and then on to Khartum and then up the White Nile to Uganda. Our boat for home leaves Port Sudan early in March." *Tempora mutantur.* . . .

The traveller of 1931 is a lucky fellow; for that is a real proper sort of programme from beginning to end. There is no country like Egypt to greet the stranger as a friend and in a week to take him to its heart. It has climate and romance and mystery, and it exhilarates and intrigues—and always without fuss or bother.

So almost before he realizes it January is nearly past, and the south is calling, and his February will open in Luxor. Let him see Karnak by moonlight; let him hunt snakes with Moussa, the charmer, through the ruins of Luxor Temple; and let him spend all the rest of his time at Thebes in the Valley of the Kings, in the Ramesseum and at Medinet Habou. But he must not spoil them by the anachronism of a motor. He must choose his own donkey—it will be called "Whisky": and his own donkey boy—he will be called Abdu; and he will enjoy both. For that is the way to know Luxor.

Then the South will call again, and up stream there will be Esna and Komombo, where the twentieth century seems pigmy beside the colossal masses of Pharaonic architecture, and so to Assuan to rest awhile in a climate which is superlative even in Egypt.

But while his felucca tacks this way and that among the ruins of lovely Philæ, there will once more be a whisper from the South, and two days later, on the smart stern-wheeler "Britain," the traveller will be slipping past the Korosko cantonments of the expeditions of '84 and '96, past the Roman outpost of Kasr Ibrahim, and in the twilight of his second day abroad, he will moor under the great grey granite cliff which is the perfect background for the four colossi of Rameses II, which the Pharaoh of the Exodus set up to front the rock temple of Abu Simbel. Happy the man who sees Abu Simbel under a full moon! Never will he forget his emotion.

Next morning the *Britain* leaves Egyptian waters; at Wadi Halfa the traveller finds himself in the Sudan,

A TYPICAL OFFICIAL RESIDENCE ON THE BANKS OF THE SUDANESE NILE: This pleasantly placed residence is at Merowe, one of the historic spots on the Nile after leaving Egypt proper at Wadi Halfa. Merowe was the capital of the Ethiopian Empire from 300 B.C. to A.D. 350

and with even less fuss and bother than in Egypt, he is transferred from the steamer to the *Sunshine Express* for Khartum; and all that day through the window of his comfortable sleeper, he can watch the miles slipping by as he drifts ever south through a desert landscape of shimmering mirage.

Kitchener planned Khartum on the design of a Union Jack, so whether the traveller trails west to Omdurman to see the Madhi's Tomb and the great Sudanese bazaar; or north across the river to visit the Marine Cemetery, where Gordon's river-gunboat, the *Bordein*, is preserved high and dry among the palms; or away south and east to see the baboons taking their evening drink from the Blue Nile, or back again to the centre of the town to the palace where Gordon was murdered—now he may be walking along St. George's Cross, now St. Patrick's, now St. Andrew's, but all in a setting which is fascinatingly African. Jolly, cotton-robed Sudanese, black as your hat and great on grinning, an atmosphere which has an aroma which is only known in Africa; nights which are eerily still, and yet always alive under a sky in which the stars shine like new crown pieces.

From Khartum both Niles will call him. He will either travel the Blue Nile past the Gezira cotton-fields, through the Makwar Dam, and on to the rampart frontier of Abyssinia; or he will listen to the White Nile calling from Uganda. It is a river tour—eleven thrilling and kaleideoscopic days. First, as far as notorious Fashoda, it is Arab life; then the Shilluks with knobby spears and hair built with mud into castles and turrets; then the Anuaks with less clothes and knobbier spears; and finally the Nuers of the Sudd with no clothes at all. But the greatest thrill of all is reserved for the last two days aboard. The siren suddenly shrieks, and the cry is "All Hands on Deck! Elephants!" And there on the bank, lumbering through the papyrus and sedge, is a herd of cows and calves in full flight, while their men-folk, the bulls, stand sentinel, seeking out this peril from the north with waving trunks and huge flapping ears.

"He who drinks of the waters of the Nile, returns to drink again." A cliché, perhaps, but profoundly true.

Owen Tweedy

*Mena Village and the Great Pyramid, near Cairo.*

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*Telegrams: Palace Heliopolis, Egypt*

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*A Shilluk*

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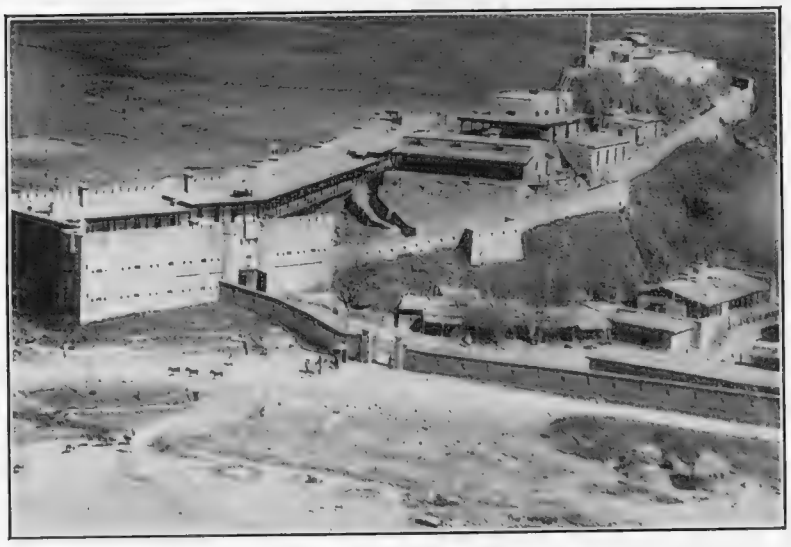

A FAMOUS FORT OF THE KHYBER: Chakdara Fort

# FIGHTING CRIME on the North-West Frontier

It is not, perhaps, realized by the people of this country, to whom the praises of Scotland Yard and the Chicago Criminal Investigation Department are constantly sung, in both fact and fiction, that daily on the North-West Frontier the Indian police are dealing with crime more baffling and more ferocious than the mind of an Edgar Wallace could conjure.

The task of this gallant force is one which has no equal in danger or difficulty in any part of the globe, for the representatives of the law have to contend not only with the criminal himself, but with all the psychological barriers and racial prejudices which oppose relations between East and West. The officer in pursuit of a case finds himself involved in an intricate maze of lies, from which it is almost impossible to differentiate between truth and falsehood, and it is a well-known fact that the average native of the North-West Frontier regards police protection as interference and prefers to settle his quarrels himself. The extraordinary situation invariably arises that not only are the criminals and their friends seeking to baffle the enforcement of the law, but also the remainder of the populace, even though the wanted men have done them untold harm.

A case of this type occurred at a small village in the neighbourhood of the Khyber Pass a short time ago. This particular village had always been known to contain turbulent spirits, and one morning the police were notified that the body of a young Pathan, horribly mutilated by knife wounds, had been found a few yards from the outskirts. When the patrol arrived on the scene to investigate, they were unable to extract any evidence from the villagers or the youth's family, who regarded their would-be benefactors with sullen resentment.

The next day a further murder was reported—this time the victim was the murderer of the youth, the avenger the boy's father. The old man knew who had murdered his son but refused to tell the police, preferring to take justice into his own hands. He was, of course, arrested and paid the penalty.

But, besides having to keep the law the Indian police must be as efficient a fighting force as the army itself. Frequently marauding bands of robber tribesmen, known as *dacoits*, descend from the hills to raid the villages of the plains, and pitched battles are often staged between the police and the raiders, who for the most part are armed with modern rifles.

The villagers themselves, however, are not particularly grateful for this protection, and are extremely indignant when prevented from carrying out the savage vengeance which they wreak on dacoits who have been unfortunate enough to fall into their hands. On one occasion a small band of robbers, meeting with an extremely hot reception from a village they had been rash enough to attack, found themselves baulked in their efforts to reach the security of the hills and were forced to surrender. Their captors dealt with them in summary fashion. The entire band, including the wounded, were tied together, saturated with paraffin, and set on fire. The police arrived on the scene in time to hear the last screams of the wretched men before they succumbed to the roaring flames.

But although tales of violence and sudden death are numerous from the country districts, it is in the cities that the police have to contend with an endless traffic of crime of every description. In the swarming human rabbit warrens which are the bazaars of the East, theft, murder, violence, treason, and arson keep the police constantly employed.

The most brutal, yet at the same time the most cunning, case which ever came to my notice was in Peshawar. A police officer was talking to an Indian banker in his stall in one of the wider thoroughfares of the native city, when three men dashed in, knocked over the banker and, seizing the ramshackle safe, bolted down the street. The native policeman on duty fired, wounding one of the thieves, who fell writhing in the gutter. The others stopped, and in the twinkling of an eye one of them whipped out a knife and hacked off the wounded man's head. Before the astonished policeman could fire again, they had vanished in the crowd, clasping their grisly trophy. The motive is obvious; a headless body cannot be identified.

But there is a lighter side to criminal investigation in India, and a young Indian girl once provided an amusing case. A wealthy merchant died leaving two wills. In the first he left his entire fortune to his elder daughter. In the second—made some years later—the younger was favoured. Somehow, the cunning elder girl obtained the second will and burnt it. When questioned, however, she strongly denied the accusation.

"Are you sure you didn't burn any papers?" inquired the police inspector.

"Well," she replied after a pause, "I did."

"What was the paper then?"

"I hardly like to say, Sahib," she answered, smiling cunningly. "But my father was a very wicked man and a very immoral man, and he did keep a diary. Now it was this diary I burn, because I did not wish his memory to be dishonoured." P. E. X. Turnbull.

# Strain time is Benger time

To men, business worries, overwork, hurried meals; to women, domestic worries, nursing, sleeplessness, etc., result in exhausted nerves, impaired digestion, low vitality, insomnia, etc.

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THE "BLUE SPOT" IS STAND 106 AND THE "PLUS-ULTRA" NINES AND THE 14 H.P. SIXES WILL BE THERE IN FULL ARRAY.

# The Petrol World

By A. Percy Bradley

*(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")*

***CHEAPER MOTORING.***—The Olympia Show this year will prove to the world that our motor manufacturers are really more far-seeing than our politicians. Motor-cars may be turned out every few minutes from a works, but it takes months of planning and of general preparation before cars can flow out at any such rate. In many cases the new models are decided upon twelve months before they actually appear. The keynote of Olympia this year is economy, although that is a word which can be and often is misconstrued. Motor manufacturers must, therefore, have seen the needs of the public almost a year ago, although it would appear that only within the last few months have our politicians realized that the nation as a whole and individuals were spending too much.

In addition to the new models which will provide economical motoring many makers have reduced the prices of their existing cars, and it must not be forgotten that where old models are retained they will probably run more efficiently and, therefore, cost less to maintain. In this way economical motoring is with us on all sides.

The greatest developments have taken place in what might be termed the "baby" class. Although it is not many years since Sir Herbert Austin produced his first "baby" car which was ridiculed by practically everyone both inside and outside his works, these cars to-day have attained such a degree of efficiency that many in the class will do 60 m.p.h. and carry in comfort four adult passengers. This year there has been a move on the part of many firms to alter the tiny saloon on the baby chassis so that it will take four grown-up people. This has not been an easy task and one or two of the methods adopted are certainly ingenious.

The next class which has received more than the usual amount of attention is that with the small 6-cylinder engine. Last year there were to all intents and purposes only two cars in this particular class, but when the exhibits are on view at Olympia quite a number of additions will be noticed. Here again the coach-building departments of the various firms have gone to great trouble to provide a really roomy body although the space at their disposal has not been over generous.

**ADVANCE MOTOR SHOW NOTICES**

**The article appearing on this and the following pages surveys in a general way the prospects of the greatest event in "The Petrol World"—the Motor Show at Olympia. Next week, a Special Section will be devoted to detailed notices of the outstanding exhibits and exhibitors at the Show**

**ROLLS-ROYCE:** The 40-50 h.p. tourer which very recently won the Concours d'Élégance at Biarritz. The car is fitted with a body by Van der Plas; one of the few Continental firms to hold the distinction of making bodies approved by Rolls-Royce, Ltd.

***"ROADABILITY."***—In the old days small cars were cheap because they were not equipped in the same way as their larger counterparts, but to-day the small, nippy vehicle is just as much a quality car as those with much larger engines. Another feature which has been developed considerably during the past twelve months is that of "roadability." In other words, designers by greater attention have been able to make the small light chassis sit on the road almost as well as the big, heavy car. Driving behind the wheel of one of these small 4- or 6-cylinder cars is not the nerve-racking job it once was.

I do not wish it to be thought that attention has not been given by the makers of large cars to their particular products. No manufacturer so far as I can see has rested on his laurels, the result being that there are wonderful bargains obtainable in the larger cars, and their performances are more remarkable than ever.

A number of years ago the British motor industry flirted with the free-wheel, and without doubt the public were beginning to take an interest when the whole idea was dropped. In my opinion the only possible excuse for a free-wheel is the effect it has on gear-changing. With a properly designed fitting, the gear-lever can be moved from one position to another without the operator producing any noise whatever even if he makes no attempt to carry out his movements scientifically. Our manufacturers did not stress this point sufficiently with the result that the free-wheel fizzled out. Ninety per cent. of drivers in this country tremble when they have to change gear, but in America the percentage is much higher. The States have, therefore, taken up the free-wheel, and no doubt we shall be told it is an American idea. In this country, having dropped the free wheel, several manufacturers have been tackling the problem as to how to provide a fool-proof and noiseless gear-change. The result has been excellent, and I think we can definitely state that we lead the world in what I will call self-changing gear-boxes and in automobile design in every direction.

Brakes have definitely received attention, but until I have tested some of the new models on the road I will not say that any great improvements have been made because a larger brake-drum does not always signify greater power of stopping.

***COMFORT FOR THE PASSENGERS.***—Coming now to the bodywork I find that designers have at last decided that the people who have to sit in motor cars should be given as much comfort as is possible. Previously there was a distinct tendency to draw what was considered a pretty outline for a body and then afterwards the staff would scratch their heads in puzzling

*(Continued on p. 78)*


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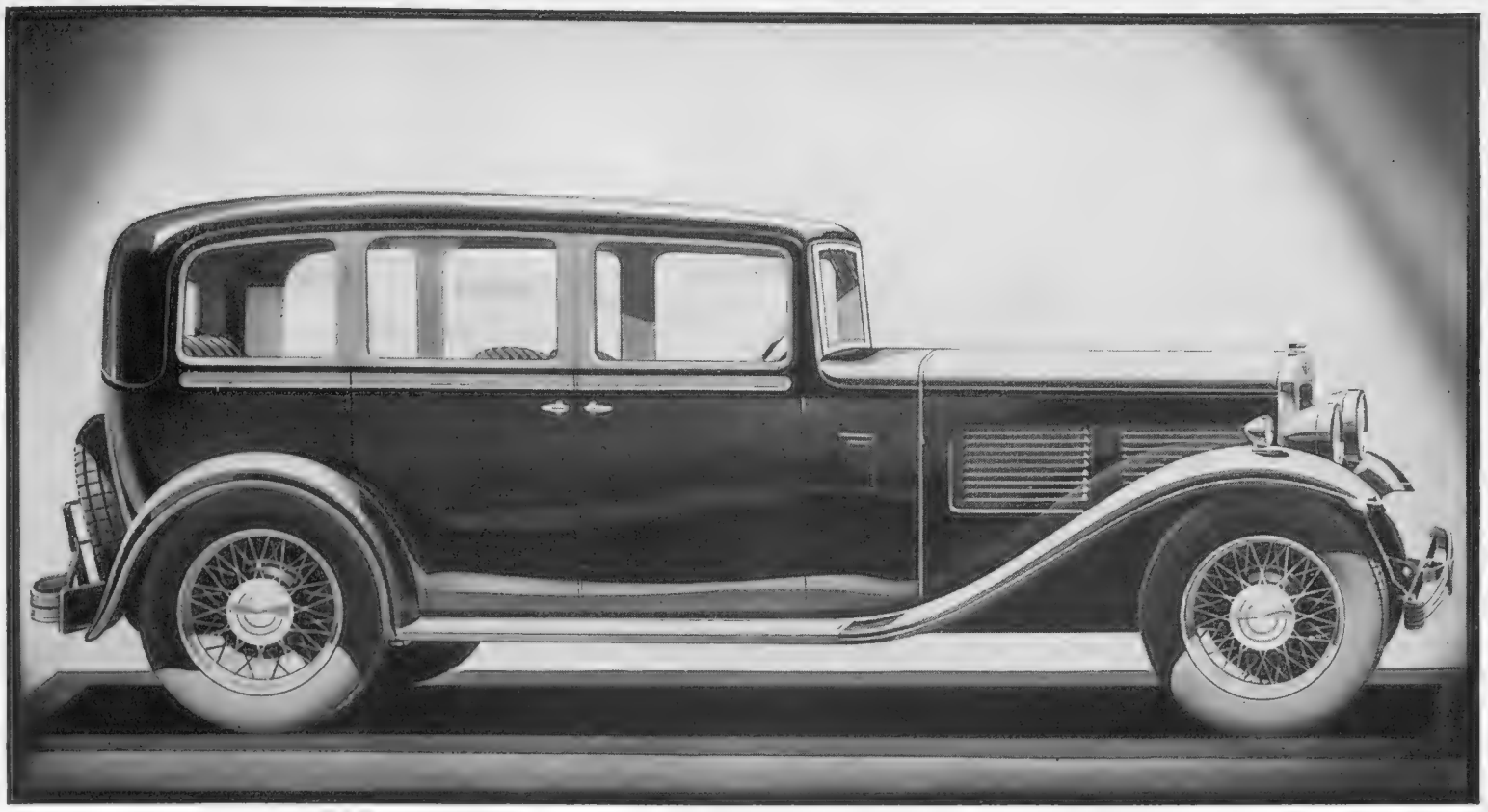

OLYMPIA *Stand* 113

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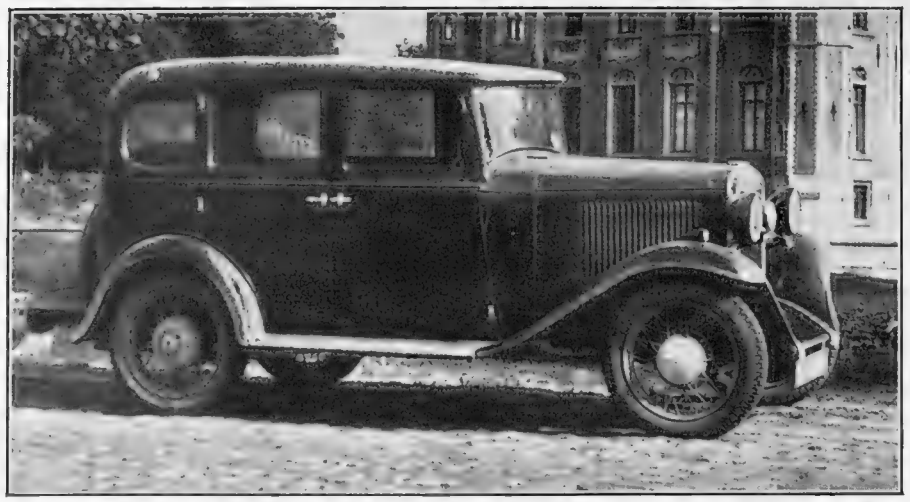


HILLMAN: The new 4-cylinder "Minx" which retails at the astonishingly low price of £155 for the family saloon. The petrol tank is placed at the back of the chassis with a pump feed to the engine

# The Petrol World

## ADVANCE MOTOR SHOW NOTICES

been made in simplifying the lubrication of the entire chassis and the observer will notice that battery and coil ignition have made distinct progress since last year.

Attractive as the car exhibits will be visitors will find that as in the past there is an amazing array of accessories and gadgets in the 300 stands which are allocated to this section of the exhibition. Every conceivable extra that one can imagine will be seen on one or other of these stands, and no matter how well-equipped one's standard car may be, the motorist will find that there is at least one appealing addition which he can purchase and fit.

As was the case last year Olympia will also house a wonderful display of garage equipment. The owner-driver may imagine that this section is of no great interest to him, but if he leaves the exhibition without spending a little time in looking at all that is latest and efficient in garage equipment he will not have had full value for the money he paid for admission. There are very few garages in this country which are properly fitted for the work they undertake, and although we may imagine that our particular car "doctor" is the last word in efficiency, we shall find if this section is visited that he is almost as out-of-date as the proverbial "dodo."

Another interesting section in the Exhibition is that devoted to motor-boats. Motorists as a class are giving more and more attention to river and sea motor-craft.

***THE NEW HILLMAN "MINX".***—After much rumour and quantities of conjecture the Hillman Motor Car Company have at last announced the introduction of their new Hillman Minx. In brief this car has 4 cylinders, big car seating in comfort, good looks and, with a family saloon body, costs £155. It is a worthy addition to the so-called Baby class, though its 1-litre

(*Continued on p.* 80)

(*Continued from p.* 76)

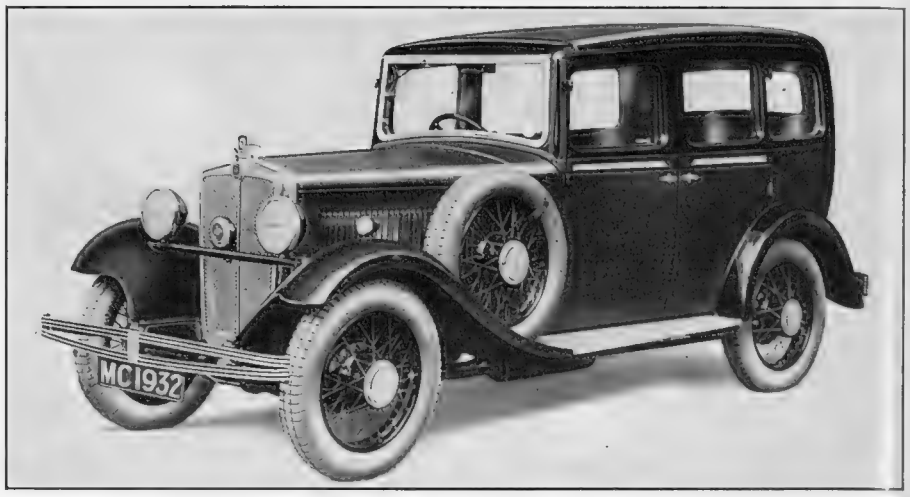
out how to fit two or three people into the available space. The change is all to the good, and we must be devoutly thankful that at last our friends who come out motoring with us will be able to travel along with a reasonable amount of pleasure. I hope, however, that the pendulum will not swing too far on the other side so that we will be presented with ugly bodies. So far as Olympia is concerned I do not think we shall see any such examples, but it is a possibility which must be watched. The French Salon has shown that the fabric-covered body is definitely on the wane, and I shall be surprised if Olympia does not also point the finger in the same direction. The only real trouble with fabric is the amazing difficulty experienced in keeping it clean, and that is why there has been this great swing-over to the smooth metal surface. Even now I consider we are only in a transitory stage. Someone before long will give us a finish equivalent to that on a porcelain bath; then the owner-driver will really rejoice.

The bright parts of cars are now all finished in chromium plate or made of some untarnishable metal. Safety glass is definitely a standard fitting in the windscreens of all cars, and more and more models include bumpers and brake indicators in their equipment.

A glance round the show will reveal that designers have now a much bolder idea of what a radiator should look like. In addition, many radiators are now fitted with stoneguards and shutters, both being built into the shell of the fitting and not added afterwards.

***THE CHASSIS.***—The studious-minded visitor will find if he looks into things carefully, that accessibility and simplification of the chassis for 1932 is much greater than it has been in the past. Improvement in cylinder-head design, induction manifolds, are just two details which will not escape the enthusiast.

Great strides have




MORRIS COWLEY: One of the new saloons with a Pytchley sliding roof. The Morris Cowley engine now has a combined fume-consumer, air-cleaner, and pre-heater in the cylinder head, thus preventing the possibility of vitiation of the atmosphere

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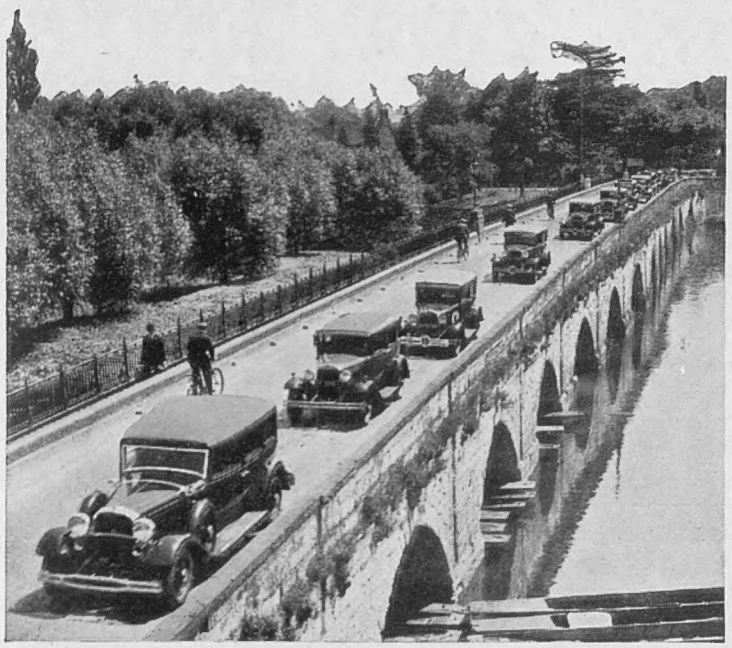
DO YOU REALISE that the World's Record Dependability Demonstration was carried out this summer?

Between 5-30 p.m. on June 22 and the same hour on June 25 last, 194 standard, stock cars, owned and driven by motor vehicle dealers in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State, travelled 334,930 miles, without a single involuntary stoppage. Day and night they ran, for three days and nights, stopping only to change drivers, to replenish petrol-tanks, at scheduled points and times.

Those cars gave the clearest possible evidence of complete trustworthiness. But in doing that they simultaneously made plain the ability of their owners to keep them in A-1 running order, first-class trim.



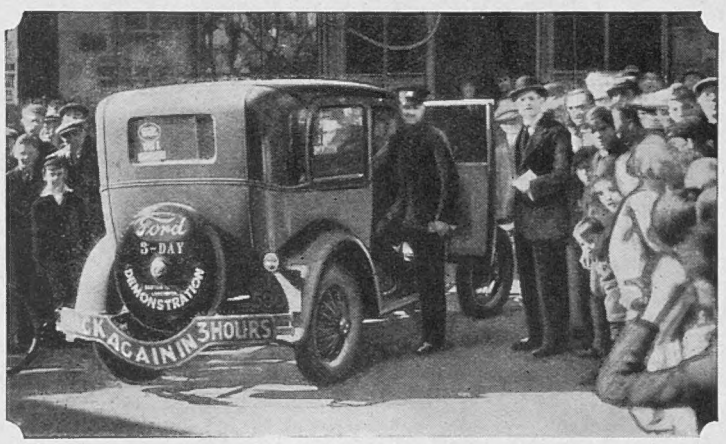
*At the conclusion of the Demonstration, English and Welsh participants rallied at Stratford on Avon, to fight their battles o'er again: Entering Stratford.*

A car that can be driven continuously for such a period, without harm, without a hitch, is a desirable car. And when not one car, or a *few* cars, but 194 of them, all of one make, and all genuinely standard, stock cars, ranging from two days to two years old, can travel 334,930 miles without an involuntary stoppage, one thing is manifest—namely, that cars like those are the sort of cars wanted by the average, representative buyer.

*These three ladies shared the whole 72 hours' driving of this car, entered by an Edinburgh Dealer. Their Ford covered 1,894 miles without an involuntary halt.*

Why, then, should not you own a car like one of those? Why should not you buy it from a Dealer like one of those?

The cars concerned were Ford cars, built at Trafford Park, Manchester. The least costly was a £180 car. The highest-priced cost only £225.

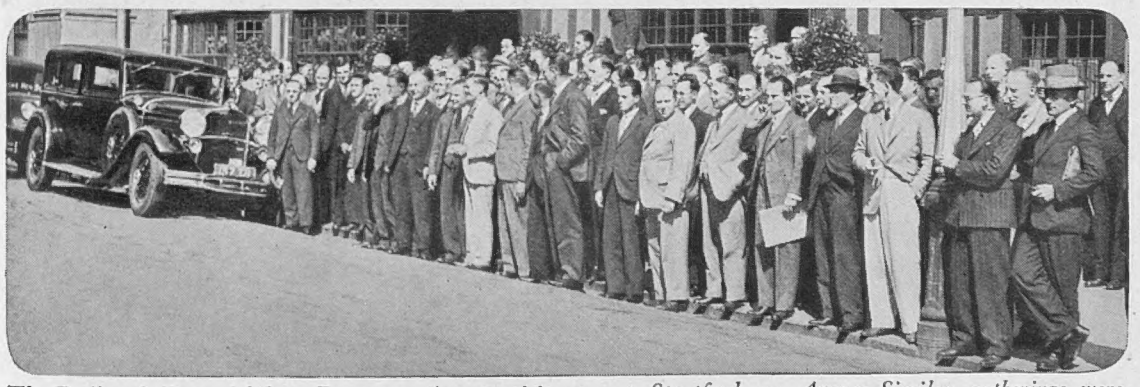



*Lancaster's Chief Constable made himself personally responsible for the custody of a local Dealer's Ford, on its completion of three days and nights, non-stop.*

Every owner of a Ford car has, at instant command, anywhere and everywhere, Ford Facilities, the ubiquitous, unique service organisation, with definite, fixed, low charges for every operation, every replacement.

The Ford owner knows, right at the outset, the exact cost of everything he can ever want for, or want done to, his car, from a wash-and-polish to a complete overhaul.

Considerations of this nature suggest that you should *Investigate before you Invest.* The nearest FORD Dealer will assist your investigation. You can ask no question he cannot answer.



*The Rally of Dependability Demonstration participants at Stratford on Avon: Similar gatherings were convened for the Irish and Scottish Dealers, at appropriate centres.*

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# The Petrol World

## ADVANCE MOTOR SHOW NOTICES

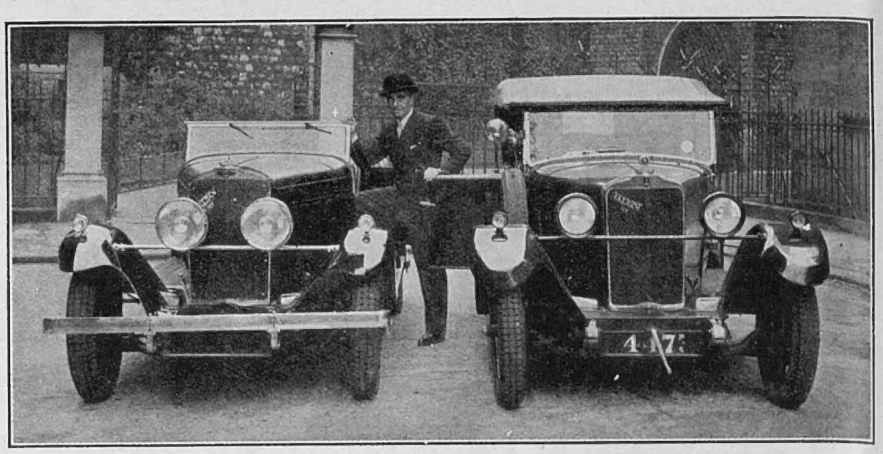
*(Continued from p. 78)*

engine is really bigger than those in that category. The gear-box gives three forward speeds and a reverse, and the power of the engine is transmitted to it by a single dry-plate clutch. The final drive is by spiral bevels housed in a banjo-type rear axle. Marles type steering and semi-eliptic springs at the front and at the rear are interesting items in the specification. The petrol tank is fitted at the rear of the chassis and the mixture is fed to the carburetter by pump. A full set of five lamps is given, and the complete car can be obtained in five distinct forms: (1) family saloon, (2) saloon de luxe, (3) sports tourer, (4 and 5) two saloons with sporting lines, one with two doors and the other with four doors. At the time of writing I have not seen one of these new models, but the photographs certainly indicate that the Minx is good looking and really offers comfortable accommodation for its passengers.

***GILDING THE LILY.***—Olympia visitors will discover that there are various detailed modifications on the latest 40–50-h.p. Phantom II Rolls-Royce chassis. The width across the rear wheels has been increased and the rear seat will now accommodate three people in real comfort. Appearance has been improved by slight modifications to the bonnet line, which gives an impression of low build without in any way decreasing the available head-room. The front dumb-irons are now covered with an apron, and a new type of luggage-grid should enable coachbuilders to fit a rear apron. The instrument-board has been redesigned to give a symmetrical layout, and the radiator is now equipped with thermostatically operated shutters. Further improvements are the extension of the centralized lubrication system to the front and rear axles whilst an auto-Klean filter has been introduced into the engine-lubrication system. The pedal stems are now adjustable, and the reserve petrol supply is controllable from the driver's seat. The prices of both the Phantom II and the 20–25-h.p. chassis have been reduced. The Phantom II short chassis is now £1,750, the long chassis £1,800, and the 20–25-h.p. chassis £1,050.

***OBVIATING A SERIOUS RISK.***—The recent accident to Mr. G. E. T. Eyston when his M.G. caught fire at Montlhéry has somewhat overshadowed the amazing list of records which he had just established before his unpleasant experience occurred. Mr. Eyston secured five international records in Class H, which is that devoted to "baby" cars, but perhaps the one which appears more miraculous than the others is that for the hour in which he covered 101.1 miles. On the wall at the paddock building at Brooklands there is a brass tablet which registers the fact that the late Mr. Percy Lambert was the first person to travel 100 miles in a motor car in an hour. The date of this achievement was February 15, 1913. Who would have thought at that time, little more than a year before the War, that in eighteen years a car with four pistons little bigger than egg-cups would perform the same feat, although at that time there was no question of engine limit at all. Reverting to Mr. Eyston's accident, it is a peculiar and unpleasant coincidence that Sir Henry Birkin had practically the same experience at Brooklands when practising for the 500 miles race. It may be too much to ask for scientists to produce a non-inflammable petrol, in fact it is rather like asking for water which is not wet, but something could be done to prevent any fire which does break out reaching the driver's seat. More often than not there are no floorboards in a racing car, with the result that any flames round the engine get forced up to the driver's legs by the draught created by the car travelling along. On aeroplanes the Air Ministry insist on a fireproof bulkhead between the engine and the cockpit. This is a very simple yet efficient saving device, and I really think that racing drivers might do likewise.

***A.A. WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.***—Now that Summer-Time has ended the Automobile Association's road patrols will be on duty from 9 a.m. until lighting-up time. A.A. patrols with night service outfits will patrol the roads from lighting-up time until midnight. The emergency service which is maintained at the Association's headquarters in London (telephone, Whitehall 1200), is available to members throughout the night from 6 p.m. to 9 a.m.



TALBOT: Major Harold Huth with his Talbot cars supplied by Warwick Wright, Ltd. Major Huth was associated for a considerable time with Warwick Wright as a Director before embarking, upon his brilliant stage career

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"Adelaide Island has the glassy sparkle, the fairylike insubstantiality, that mark with a beauty all their own certain islands near the Line. There is no mystery about it.

The overhead, intensely vivid, sun wipes out all shadow, raising every light to highest power. Light of varnished leaves that flash beneath the fingers of the wind; blank fiery stare of sands; innumerable sparkling laughter of the sea — all these the sun, marching across the zenith, melts into one sole multicoloured blaze that seems to hang afloat, incredible, in the heliotrope-coloured sky. Yet, dreamlike as it appears, it is all as solid as Sydney Circular Quay, and if you live there long, you may come to loathe the barren loveliness of it, and wish yourself back on that same Circular Quay, with the ferry boats of Sydney chunking up to the wharves, and the Harbour Bridge rainbowing across a wintry sky. Or you may come to love it with a fatal love that eats you up, takes from you, one by one, ambition, friends, fortune, marriage, home; that drugs you, instead, with sun, and makes you drunk with beauty; gives you freedom that is too free, and love that burns like fire, but lasts no longer. You may find yourself, on Adelaide and her thousand sister islands, asking yourself throughout a lifetime the Celtic peasant's question, "Can a man be more than happy?" and finding no answer — until too late." .... You'll allow nothing to interrupt you when you read this story of the man who found the answer amid the glitter of gold. "The Golden Virgin" by Beatrice Grimshaw.

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"In November of 1817 the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Coburg wrote in her diary: 'The courier has arrived . . . Charlotte is dead! Good God! . . . No mortal can understand why this beautiful flower should fade at the morning of her life and drop off without fruit, with which she would have blessed her country.'

The Princess Charlotte's death robbed the English Crown of its heiress, but it also opened up the way to the Victorian succession and to a love story as tender as any in a graceful century.

A little time after Princess Charlotte's death the Duke of Kent crossed Europe to marry Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg. Less than a year after this the Duke and the Duchess crossed Europe again, the Duke himself on the box of the carriage, so that they might be in England when their baby was born. The baby was to be Queen Victoria. Once on the slopes of Gibraltar, a gipsy had told the Duke that his daughter would be a great Queen, and it was not conceivable to him that she should be born in any country but England.


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Later in the year Prince Albert was born in Coburg, and his mother wrote that he was 'pretty as an angel, with big blue eyes, a beautiful nose, quite a small mouth and dimples in his cheeks . . . He smiles the whole time.'

Sixteen years passed before Prince Albert came to England, to meet his future bride ...."

In "Queen Victoria's Love Story" by Hector Bolitho.

*Some of the letters quoted in this article are from the Archives of Coburg and have never before been published in England.*


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